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Pearl Freeman

The Earl of Dalkeith

The Earl of Dalkeith is the twenty-three years old only son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. During the war he was in the Navy and is now up at Oxford studying agriculture and forestry. He has two sisters, the elder of whom is the Duchess of Northumberland and the younger Lady Caroline Margaret Montagu-Douglas-Scott. His father, who is the eighth Duke of Buccleuch and the tenth Duke of Queensberry, was M.P. for Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire until his succession in 1935. The Duchess, who was formerly Miss Vreda Esther Mary Lascelles, is the daughter of the late Major William Frank Lascelles

Decorations by
Wysard



Simon Harcourt-Smith

Portraits in Print

OF all the superb paintings in the exhibition of the King's pictures at Burlington House, none, I think, has caused more general surprise than the "Chinese Convert" of Sir Godfrey Kneller (1648-1723). You expect perfection of Reynolds, and indeed the portrait of Lord Eglinton, with his fiery nose and his Scotch bonnet, takes one's breath away by the wit and audacity of its satire.

There is a little panel, too, probably by that curious and enchanting early Dutch artist, Lukas van Leyden, which one would give much to possess. The Zoffany's dazzle us, and the Winterhalter to commemorate the Great Exhibition of 1851 is as good as anything of the sort at Malmaison. But back one comes again and again to the young Chinese in the main gallery.

Kneller Mystery

I FIRST saw the picture years ago, in a deserted room of Kensington Palace. Even to my adolescent eye it blazed out of the dusty darkness with the true vigour of a masterpiece. Then, when one learned by whose hand it was, one felt one had been fooled. For the merest Philistine can see that Kneller was not in the habit of painting masterpieces. How flat, and at the same time how trite, are his "Beauties of William III's Court" beside the similar series that Lely had painted two reigns back! And who shall say that Lely was a particularly good painter?

Kneller, born in the now devastated city of Lubeck, was brought to England by the Duke of Monmouth in 1674. His success was immediate, and on Lely's death he became Court Painter—a position he was to hold through reign after reign. Year on year the complacent, worldly portraits emerged from his studio, as if off the assembly line. He was honoured, he grew rich, with a fine house at Twickenham. A dull enough story, of a fifth-rate artist. Then suddenly he upsets all our notions of him with this Chinese portrait.

Who was the young Chinese? Ah! there begins the mystery. Was he the first person from the Middle Kingdom to visit these shores, to reach Europe perhaps? Of course Chinese

silk merchants may have known the Roman world: What were the transparent silks of Cos but Chinese stuffs unravelled, the thread split in half and then rewoven? And from the evidence of his will, it seems possible that Marco Polo brought back a "Tartar" servant with him to Venice. But all this is speculation, whereas here before us stands Kneller's Chinese in his padded gown and fur-trimmed hat, crucifix in hand, and a look almost of ecstasy on the smooth brown face.

He was evidently a protégé of the Jesuits, for he bears the name, Couplet, of a Belgian Jesuit prominent about that time in the Mission at Peking. Matteo Ricci had reached Peking about 1599, and by his gift of clocks—he is still remembered in China as Li, the God of Clock-makers—he gradually acquired for his Society a position of vast influence at the Imperial Court. Indeed, towards the end of the seventeenth century it seemed as if the Jesuits might succeed in converting Emperor and Imperial Clan, and thus the Empire itself, to Christianity.

Matters of Convenience

BUT the Jesuits had achieved their success by methods shocking to the orthodox. They would slur over the question, for instance, of the Crucifixion, for so ignominious a form of punishment could to the Chinese way of thinking only be meted out to criminals of the lowest sort. And was it not absurd to expect a nation of refined scholars to worship a cutpurse? On the subject of the Almighty they were no less conciliatory. They urged, as would any broad-minded person of today, that He could be known under many names. He was in fact identical with the Chinese T'ien Chu, the "Lord of Heaven"; while a Chinese could become a good Christian and yet not distress his ancestors by ceasing to worship at their graves.



Such pliancy, and the success that attended it, outraged other orders. The Vatican was at last forced to intervene. The squabble lost the Jesuits "face" at the Chinese court. The Emperor grew bored, and the possibility of linking China on sensible terms with the West, of avoiding disgraceful wars and the miseries which now ravage that unfortunate country, was lost.

But there would appear to be nothing conciliatory, no hint of compromise, in the Christianity of Kneller's Chinese. He does not flinch at the shame of the Crucifixion, his whole bearing suggests a piety entirely European. I wish I knew how he came here, for the matter of early Oriental travellers to the West fascinates me quite as much as does the allied and more hackneyed question of Western travellers to the East.

Did he arrive in the barque Amphitrite sent out by the Compagnie des Indes? Does some faint memory stir inside me of having read somewhere that he appeared before the Royal Society, and was entertained at Oxford? Did he ever get back to his lotus ponds and the whistling pigeons? How did the London of Queen Anne's day strike him? Alas! we shall, I suppose, never know. All we can say with certainty is that in his padded gowns he was warmer than we are today. . . .

Too Many Lorries

THE Transport Bill would seem less irritatingly doctrinaire if it really put road transport back into its proper place—that of an adjunct, a feeder to the railways. Properly administered and modernized, the railways, I understand, are capable of handling all the long-range traffic of this island. It will do little good to eliminate the competition between them, lorries and motor coaches, and yet continue to allow our inadequate, dangerous roads to be cluttered up by vast, unsafe vehicles.

On Christmas Eve my stationary, brand-new car was damaged by a run-away lorry on an icy road. We were forced to sit helpless and watch the monster slide broadside on down the hill. Yesterday, on roads infinitely more slippery, one's life was imperilled a hundred times by waltzing Leviathans. Sometimes the

danger springs from the rank bad driving of the lorry drivers. Who has not come upon two or three monsters racing abreast along the Great North Road in the middle of the night? Sometimes it springs from driver's fatigue. But most of all it is due to the lorries' bad brakes, topheaviness, necessarily poor acceleration.

Our average British lorries are ponies beside the huge American lorries. But they are still too big for our existing roads. I hope the Transport Bill means at least the end of long hauls.

The Duke of Infantado

THE death is announced of the Duque de Infantado, bearer of one of Spain's most distinguished titles, but perhaps remarkable beyond all else for his wonderful palace at Guadalajara, north-east of Madrid. One of the most elegant Renaissance buildings in all Spain, it was particularly dear to me for its historical associations. There the eccentric, hypochondriacal, uxorious Philip V, first Spanish King of the Bourbon dynasty, married and bedded the young Elisabeth Farnese, and a new era was begun in Spanish history—an era perhaps not yet ended. The Infantado Palace was a delight to any person of spirit travelling between Saragossa and Madrid. Then, early in the last civil war, Italian legionaries started their much-boasted attack



from Aragon, which was to take them right into Madrid. They got caught in an ambush and soundly trounced. Their one achievement was to ruin the Infantado Palace.

I am told that even on Franco's side the Italian defeat inspired rejoicings and laughter, however secret. Your Spaniard relishes no more than does your Englishman the settling of his fate by foreigners. No better example of this foible could we have than the recent withdrawal of our Ambassador from Madrid. If anything were wanted to bolster up a régime far from popular it was this. "Better Franco than U.N.," say even the Spanish Republicans.

Their attitude is perfectly understandable. After all, millions of people in this country have no particular affection for the present Government. Yet if America or Soviet Russia demanded that we unseat Mr. Attlee, if Monsieur Zarubin were withdrawn, and no successor appointed to Mr. Harriman, the Labour Party could, I feel sure, go back to the country and there secure a majority even

more unwieldy and unhealthy than that which they at present command. The truth is, we are not yet psychologically ready for the World Authority. We welcome U.N. insofar as it may prevent future wars; yet we do not want foreigners interfering in our domestic affairs. But how you are to separate domestic from foreign affairs these days is not an easy question to answer. . . .

The Soap-Stealer

I WAS horrified to read lately of a magistrate who sentenced to some six weeks' imprisonment a railway porter for stealing three cakes of soap worth in all not two shillings. We make a great to-do about the savage law courts of the eighteenth century, and their sentencing children to death for the theft of silver spoons. This latter-day sentence is surely in the same tradition? The man is married, his wife is expecting a baby. He will presumably lose his job. And all for committing a crime which most of us yearn to perpetrate towards the end of every rationing period.

Of course, without having actually been present in the court, it is difficult to pass a hard-and-fast judgment on the incident. There may be details of the story we have not heard, and which justify the sentence. Till I know them I shall continue to be shocked, and to regret that juries are not employed on such occasions.

At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S



H.E. The Egyptian Ambassador

OCCUPANT for thirteen months of what has been the most difficult diplomatic post at the Court of St. James's, the Embassy enjoying the least sympathy of the British Press, His Excellency Senor de las Barcnas, meticulously correct sportsman, now goes on leave to Spain. His journey follows the recent departure from Madrid, on leave, of Sir Victor Mallet, the British Ambassador, who was formally "withdrawn" following the decision of U.N. on December 16.

In his book-filled, airy study overlooking unchanging, regal Belgrave Square, Senor de las Barcnas spoke in his cultured, suave voice a few days ago with customary frankness about the tasks of modern Ambassadors, on the state of popular intelligence, on the meaning of freedom, on democracy, on Spain, and on much else that is not yet for public consumption.

Then I noted one of this dignified and shrewd envoy's favourite quotations from Hegel, and we said, "Au revoir."

IF Spain still retains strategic importance for Great Britain, the observation comes with added strength in relation to ancient, colourful, vital Egypt, mistress of the Suez Canal, with whom we have been discussing the Anglo-Egyptian alliance signed on August 26, 1936. The treaty should last until August 26, 1956. On February 28 it will be twenty-five years since the end of the British Protectorate of the country whose seventeen million inhabitants own forestless, woodless territory four times the area of the United Kingdom, but live in a corner the size of tiny Belgium.

Independent only twenty-five years, the Egyptians remember that 6,000 years ago they were using a calendar, and 4,000 years ago were masters of measurement in two and three dimensions. Our talks have gone on for many months.

It is obvious that on the shoulders of one Ambassador in London, and on the shoulders of another in Cairo, rest terrifyingly large responsibilities. In London the modest but wiry shoulders belong to a world sportsman, Abdel Fattah Amr Pasha, since August 24, 1945, the youngest Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. James's.

In the sports world in this country and throughout the world His Excellency is better known simply as Amr, the squash rackets genius. In November, 1938,

when he "retired," having won the British amateur championship for six years, the open title for five years, "Squash" wrote, "Amr will go down as the greatest player the game has ever known, or is likely to know, because the imagination cannot grasp the class of play which is better than his own."

Recently the Ambassador has flown to Egypt several times, strenuously to help in the delicate negotiations. He has been in our midst long enough to know and admire the British; in Egypt he is the more respected because he is probably the only senior Egyptian diplomatist who belongs to no political party.

AMR's parents, well-known landowners in Upper Egypt, sent him to school in Cairo, to Khedivial College, to get his law degree in London. Then, while studying insurance law with a firm of solicitors in London, he was busy collecting a library on natural history. Only seven years ago he joined the diplomatic service, as legal adviser to Egypt's Embassy in London, the fascinating building that commands South Audley Street. By 1941, at thirty-six, the slim, slight, sharp-featured, determined if monosyllabic Amr was Chargé d'Affaires, Minister in rank. In August, 1945, he presented his Letters of Credence as Ambassador, an astounding progress.

President of the Zoological Society in Egypt, Amr loves to study birds, knows all about ringing, about migration from this island to Egypt, does not shoot, does not hunt. He reads, when there is time. Even the ping-pong table at the top of the imposing stairs, where I first learnt to respect him, many years ago, seldom sees his unseeable shots.

It is refreshing to think that the London end has to be "nursed" by someone who is so close to understanding the British character and British temperament, while never forgetting the scene in Egypt. Amr achieves his points without causing storms, either minor or major.

George Bilainkin.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Bella Donna Again



Merle Oberon in "Temptation," the film made from Robert Hichens's famous book "Bella Donna." She plays opposite Charles Korvin and George Brent

THERE is many a true word spoken in jest. My friend Beachcomber announces in this morning's *Daily Express* some details about his forthcoming novel. "It is the poignant story of primitive violence, introducing an earthquake in the Gobi Desert, a charge of maddened rhinoceroses through a Persian village, the famous Swindon Kermesse, a naval battle on a Swedish lake, a fight with bare fists between two librarians in Stoke Newington High Street, a plague of locusts in a Rumanian opera house,

and an attack by giant baboons on a giraffe-stud in Africa. The idea is to catch the eye of some film magnate." Well, why not? I would rather sit through *Murder of an Elephant*—except that Hollywood would change the title—than any of the teen-age drivel which is apparently all that Hollywood has to offer in the way of novelty.

NOW I have a suggestion to make. This is that somebody should film *Delina Delaney* by Amanda Ros. This magnificently photogenic story is about one Lord Gifford who, in the absence of his mother, invites an Irish fisherman's daughter to visit him at Columba Castle. Not that Delina didn't have her doubts.

"I already know I've done wrong in fighting the fight of disobedience, and clinging to him who probably yet may steep me in disgrace. But heaven guide me to the bitter end!" But it was too late to turn back. Sighing heavily, Delina said to herself, "Come, courage, come! Heaven help me, else I dwindle into the puddle of shame, and damp not only my feet, but, alas! my whole body."

And now the pair, eloping from Eire's Columba Castle, took flight to England's Clapham Hall, after a night spent with entire propriety in a Dublin hotel whose floor was so beautifully polished that Delina's feet "almost slipped from under her, running in different directions, until she, with great difficulty, recalled them to a sense of obedience."

Life at Clapham Hall continued with a seamliness of which Daisy Ashford would have

approved. "Lord Gifford dressed himself fully in London's proud fashion, basking his slender extremities in velvet slippers, with heels of stiff crimson morocco. His nerves were a little unsteady this morning; these he soon stayed with a stimulating dram of good old Cognac. Then, standing with his hands buried deep in his silken pockets, he was eager to see the huge Venetian blind of his loved one's window wink across at him with observant twitches, and announce the uprising of Delina from her couch of rest."

My only difficulty is to decide who, in this great film, would be the leading character. I think on the whole "Madam-de-Maine," Delina's *duenna*, a virago jealous of her mistress's power over Lord Gifford. My choice here would be Bette Davis. "Moving over to the great mirrored wardrobe, standing in a triangular corner of the room, Madam-de-Maine halted in horror as its great reflecting door pictured to her the pallid face of fiendish outline she was doomed to wear. In its treacherous curves could be traced the revolting crimes of her past life, the impending approach of a satanic future. Regardless of these reflecting truths, she accomplished her mission. She buried the deadly remnant of her achievement [arsenic] in its corner, closed the door, turned her back on its candid face, as a laugh of victory burst from her polluted lips. She retreated hastily from the room she contaminated with her stained breath, mixing it with the holy and prayerful air that seemed to smother her with its righteous waft. Into the silence of her haunt she sped. Having mastered her manoeuvres to throw guilt on the innocent, she could hardly free herself from a little embarrassment as she tried to satisfactorily harrow the seed she had sown with thoughts and actions of magnified evil. She sat on, cursing the doctor's prolonged presence, wondering, in accents of growling gnash, when he was likely to go."

Yes, Bette would do finely. And Delina? I suppose I could think of six film stars possessed of "superbly-formed eyes of grey-blue, with lightly-arched eyebrows and long lashes of that brownish tint which only the lightly-tinted skin of an Arctic seal exhibits." Lord Gifford? James Mason, of course.

AND surely all the directors in Hollywood must tumble over each other in their eagerness to put Clapham Hall on the screen. "Two pianos, differing much in material and design, stood in opposite corners of the room; while two low-lying lounges graced the others.

Moving to one of the sweetly-toned instruments Madam-de-Maine struck its keys, sending from them strains, at one time loud and long; at another, grave, low, and pathetic. Then she would send from its ivory octaves notes of ringing sweet angelic sounds that died on the surroundings with a peaceful, quivering echo, capable only of execution by the hand of a born musician."

What a chance for a behind-the-scene Iturbide, or, in this country, our own Eileen Joyce!

At this point it occurs to me that Merle Oberon might like to essay Madam-de-Maine, this intoxicating fancy being the result of sitting through *Temptation* (Leicester Square). This would have been a better picture if Merle had had time to act instead of being one hundred per cent preoccupied with her dress-maker's creations. She is seen in some three hundred, or what seems like three hundred, get-ups, each of which would have been too much for a Royal Garden Party. You feel that she can't leave the room to fetch her husband another dose of poison without exchanging flounces for frills.

"MACBETH has murdered sleep," or words to that effect, she will murmur and make exit with a twirl of parasol and skirt which would make a horse laugh. Or rather, camel. For what is *Temptation* but our old friend *Bella Donna* all over again? Now I don't believe that the play made by Fagan out of Hichens's novel was as ridiculous as this picture. If it had been, George Alexander would not have put it on at the St. James's Theatre, nor would Mrs. Pat have appeared in it. They knew what was what thirty years ago, and when they had nonsense to put over knew how to make an audience accept it for sense.

But then I hold that the original novel which started all the trouble was far from nonsense. I seem to remember that when Hichens wrote nonsense he took care that it should be deliberate and intentional nonsense. "I have seen Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's picture of the Archbishop of Canterbury," said Mrs. Windsor. "He has drawn him sitting in a wheelbarrow in the garden of Lambeth Palace. There are only three lines in the whole picture, two for the wheelbarrow and one for the Archbishop."

There are three hundred and one lines in *Temptation*—three hundred for the frocks and one for the drama. The truth, the brutal truth, is that Merle has not got what it takes to put this hazardous stuff over. Whereas in the theatre Mrs. Pat and, on the silent screen, Pauline Frederick and Pola Negri had what it needed, and to spare.

CELIA JOHNSON

This actress, who has always given a fine and sensitive performance in any film or play in which she has appeared, has been voted the best film actress of the year by the New York film critics for her performance in *Brief Encounter*. This is not only a triumph for Miss Johnson but one also for British films and for the Cineguild team who made the picture. It is, incidentally, also significant for the future of British films that Laurence Olivier has been voted the best actor by the Americans for his performance in *Two Cities' Henry V.* Celia Johnson acted in two previous films for Cineguild, *This Happy Breed* and *In Which We Serve*. Her last stage appearance was in *Rebecca* in 1940, when she created the leading part and played opposite the late Owen Nares. Earlier this year she went to France with Cineguild director David Lean on the occasion of the award of the Grand Prix de la Critique to *Brief Encounter* as the best British film to be shown at the Cannes Film Festival, where she was voted runner-up with Ingrid Bergman to Michele Morgan for the title of best film actress of the year. She is married to Peter Fleming



THEATRE GUIDE

In brief -

Straight Plays

And No Birds Sing (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender as the man who loves her in spite of them.

Grand National Night (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley is in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message for Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans and Athene Seyler, in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

The Glean (Globe). Warren Chetham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

But For The Grace Of God (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

The Poltergeist (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Nauntou Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

The Man From The Ministry (Comedy). A comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

Antony and Cleopatra (Piccadilly). Shakespeare's tragedy, with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Walter Crisham.

Pacific, 1860 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance To Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Barry Sinclair and Roma Beaumont.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

Between Ourselves (Playhouse). New revue by Eric Maschwitz.

The Shephard Show (Princess). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

Christmas Shows

Red Riding Hood (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox.

Mother Goose (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

Sim-Sala-Bim (Garrick). Dante in magic wonder revue.

Peter Pan (Scala). Mary Morris as Peter, Alastair Sim as Captain Hook.

Hey Presto (Westminster). Jasper Maskelyne in magic old and new, with Robert Harbin.

The Wizard of Oz (Winter Garden), with Raymond Lovell, Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham, Ruth Naylor and Prudence Hyman.

The King Stag (Lyric, Hammersmith).

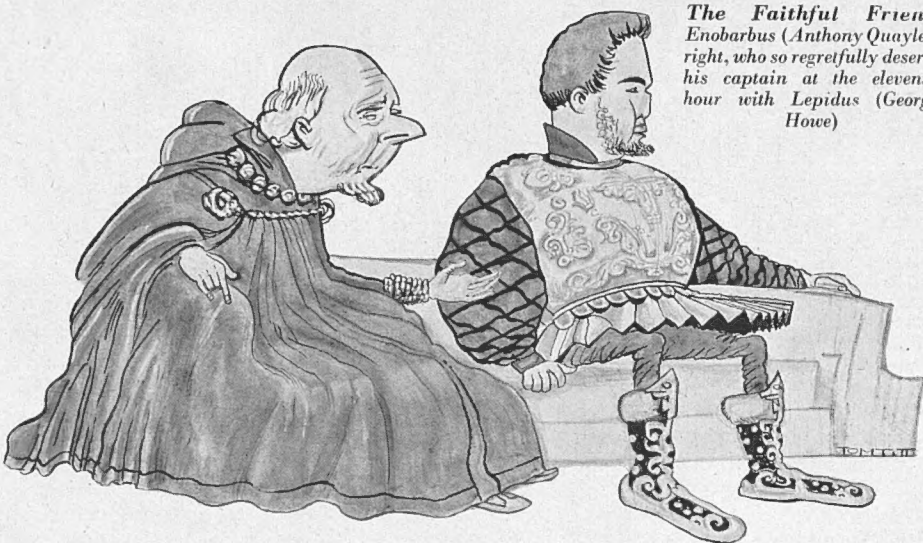
Land of the Xmas Stocking (Duke of York's).

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Antony (Godfrey Tearle), a dying lion, grand and moving, even in despair

The Faithful Friend
Enobarbus (Anthony Quayle),
right, who so regretfully deserts
his captain at the eleventh
hour with *Lepidus* (George
Howe)



The

"Antony and

WE need not beat about the bush. As *Antony and Cleopatra*, Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Dame Edith Evans are miscast: there is as little in him of the reckless amorist as there is of the gipsy in her. Yet I cannot recall a better performance of this difficult tragedy.

How account for an impression as seemingly absurd as it was highly pleasurable? The point is that both these fine players know precisely what they are up to. No doubt they were perfectly well aware when they accepted the parts of their own temperamental limitations, and knew that they could not hope to represent directly the kind of love which Enobarbus described with soldierly gusto and the vividness of the reporter *par excellence*. But their intellectual comprehension of the affair, as of the poetic intensities which give it tragic dignity, was complete; and they solved their problem by making a return to classical Shakespearian acting.

This is the kind of acting which uses the gestures of stage convention, not those freshly taken from life, and seems to reflect character and action, as in a mirror. The reflections are, of course, a little more remote than the pictures which more modern playing of Shakespeare tries to evoke, and their vividness, their effect of reality, depends on the exactness and consistency of the gestures employed, on the measure, music and incisiveness of the actors' utterance. These two actors show an assured mastery of the stage convention within which they have chosen to work, and so, though they do not give us either an Antony or a Cleopatra "to the life," they yet succeed in throwing on to their mirror portraits which are remarkably complete and (to me) almost wholly satisfying.

ALL this may sound suspiciously like special pleading on behalf of a critic who has enjoyed something which he had no right to enjoy. It would be better, perhaps, if I gave up trying to account for my pleasurable impression and asserted quite simply that in the classical mirror of Dame Edith Evan's acting I find more of the splendid strumpet than in many stage Cleopatras who have wriggled like nautch girls



Octavius Caesar (Michael Goodliffe) and his sister Octavia (Helen Christie),
the unwanted wife of Antony

Theatre

"Cleopatra" (Piccadilly)

in their determination to exhibit the fascination which might persuade an Antony that the nobleness of life was to embrace his mistress.

The strong points of her performance, naturally, are the scheming and the raillery and the courtesan's trick of renewing her influence just at the moment when it is upon the wane, but invariably her comedy is of the right sort and carries no echo of the Restoration period to which this great comedienne spiritually belongs. And at the climax of the tragedy her lament over Antony is beautifully spoken.

Mr. Tearle may have been born to play a Brutus rather than an Antony; yet such is his magnificence as an actor that he is able to reflect a mind absorbed by a sense of the supreme value of one satisfaction and at the same time to establish the rarity of Antony. As the process of ruin completes itself, that rarity is never lost.

MR. GLEN BYAM SHAW's production is admirably in keeping with the methods of his principals. There are few flourishes of trumpets, no blaze of processional torches, scarcely any local colour: nothing in fact that would force Mr. Tearle and Dame Edith Evans into a more literal realism than suits their purpose.

There is a most ingenious permanent set and the action moves throughout at a terrific pace. The brief, scattered scenes—which set the producers insistent on varied sumptuousity an impossible problem—pass almost as swiftly as they pass before the reader's eye and attain to the unity that the reader feels. There is a fine performance of Enobarbus by Mr. Anthony Quayle, and Mr. Philip Guard distinguishes himself in the tiny but, as he demonstrates, deeply moving part of Eros.

The décor is by Motley and the incidental music by Mr. Antony Hopkins: both first-rate. Indeed, the whole production is quick and firm, quick to catch and firm in rendering the significance of each kaleidoscopic change of scene and mood. It must be reckoned among the first half a dozen Shakespearian productions of our time.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Cleopatra: Edith Evans as Egypt's queen
and the symbol of a great soldier's destruction

BACKSTAGE

with
Beaumont Kent.

WHILE on holiday recently in Zurich Irene Ambrus, who was such a delightful soubrette in *Gay Rosalinda* at the Palace, saw a new production of the popular Continental operetta *Der Vögelhändler* (The Bird-seller) in which she often sang in Vienna before the war.

So struck was she with its possibilities that, on returning to London, she recommended the operetta to Bernard Delfont, and at the moment Austin Melford is preparing the book and Harry S. Pepper is writing the lyrics for an English version which may be presented in the West End during March.

Zeller's music, which I have often heard, is delightful; the score is full of gay and sparkling melody, and there should be a capital soubrette part for Miss Ambrus, who was largely responsible for the successful revival of Johann Strauss's *Fledermaus* as *Gay Rosalinda*. Meanwhile, Miss Ambrus is chiefly concerned about finding a new English title for *Der Vögelhändler*. "We want something gay and charming," she suggests.

LAURENCE OLIVIER's production of Garson Kanin's New York comedy success, *Born Yesterday*, opens at the Garrick on January 23.

Hartley Power, I am told, has the part of his life as Harry Brock, a wealthy racketeer, and Yolande Donlan, an attractive twenty-four years old American actress, plays opposite him as his mistress, an erstwhile chorus girl sadly lacking in social polish. The setting, a luxury suite in a Washington hotel, has been designed by Roger Furse who did the décor for *Lear* and Olivier's film of *Henry V*.

NEXT production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is *Galway Handicap*, by Walter Macken, a young Irish actor-producer-dramatist, who runs the Gaelic Theatre, Galway. It opens at Bournemouth on Monday and comes to Hammersmith a fortnight later, with Arthur Sinclair and Max Adrian in the cast.

It is, I gather, a play in the Sean O'Casey vein, a mixture of comedy and drama set in a Dublin tenement. It had a highly successful production at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, last year.

The King Stag, after its Christmas production by the Young Vic Company at the Lyric, embarks on a twenty-week tour at the beginning of February, complete with its own revolving stage.

THE T. W. Robertson Victorian classic, *Caste*, opens at the Duke of York's next Wednesday with Marie Lohr as the Marquise and Diana Churchill as Polly Eccles. Otherwise the cast is the same as at the recent revival at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

REHEARSALS have begun for the new version of R. L. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which M.P.-playwright Edward Percy has written. Basil Dean is producing it for the Daniel Mayer company, and the leading part should give fine scope for that excellent character actor, Kenneth Kent. A pre-West End tour opens at Cardiff on February 24.

There has been no important production of the Stevenson thriller in the West End since H. B. Irving did it at the Queen's in 1910.

The Daniel Mayer company also have in hand *Off the Record*, a nautical-political comedy by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall. It will have a provincial tour before coming to the West End.

IN *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Grand, Croydon, one of the most successful of pantomimes in the outer ring, Barry Lupino, the Dame, is appearing in his sixty-third pantomime. He is sixty-three years old and, like so many of his illustrious family which dates back in England to the eighteenth century and the earliest days of pantomime, was first "carried on" as a babe in arms. That was in *Cinderella*, the Drury Lane show of Christmas, 1884.

Barry Lupino helped to write five of the provincial pantomimes which are still running. His sons, Peter and Barry, Jnr., are both engaged on the managerial side after long wartime service in the Navy.

SELF-PROFILE

Eric Portman

by *Eric Portman*

I WAS born in Yorkshire. Unlike many of my kind I cannot, nay *do not*, claim to be half French; quarter Italian; sixteenth Jew or Nazi turned Communist. I am an actor; and cannot say that I was "meant" for the Diplomatic Service, House of Lords or President of the Royal Academy. My childhood was most happily spent among those "dark Satanic mills" of the West Riding (I can remember nothing in my life so thrilling as running about those mysterious hilly streets in Halifax in the early summer evenings; or the smell of the grimy elder-blossom in the proud little gardens).

I was sent away to school when I was nine and remained there for an endless number of years. It was a charming Georgian building right on the moors with a truly exciting sort of Wuthering Heights atmosphere—at least to me. The headmaster, a brilliant classical scholar, was, as I have since discovered, nearly eighty years old. Wonderful man.

Even from my earliest years, I don't remember "not knowing" most things. People who say they only found out about living at the age of twenty-one bore me. With my kind of temperament I can't believe them. I remember winning prizes for Divinity; there may be some sinister clue there. And I was looked upon as the star performer in the annual Christmas play. So I suppose I liked acting then; that, or being allowed time off for rehearsing!

I WENT on the stage because I knew somebody in a touring Shakespeare company. My father not knowing quite what to do with me, didn't seriously object. (My mother died when I was thirteen; she would have known exactly what to do with me.) I travelled, I remember, to Manchester on the understanding that I was to be a sort of dresser-cum-secretary to the leading actor who was appearing at the Opera House. One of my jobs was to sign his fan photographs when they became too many to cope with. I was a ready forger.

Naturally, I had decided to play Romeo as soon as possible. I did. My Juliet was some forty years old. I was some twenty. Now I am—but there—"the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

I don't think I ever played really "small parts." Certainly I never "walked on." Here one should give one's ideas on schools for acting I suppose. I am against them. Partly because I never went to one myself and have some little proof that they are not, as some insist, an absolute necessity; partly because I believe they are responsible for all that "refeend" stage talk we have to suffer in our theatres and cinemas. Accents of any sort, I believe, are "corrected." How absurd. Why should actors talk like gentlemen from the Foreign Office? Why should they look like them either? All actors look vaguely like each other—especially the successful ones.

One thing some of my friends and most of my enemies allow is that I have a sense of the comic. (That is why I play almost exclusively humourless parts.) Most actors have that sense, though quite often they keep it to themselves. The public resents, I think, its favourites not taking things seriously. Whatever has been said to the contrary, most people like to surround actors with a veil, or if you like, a fog. Even our most-read newspaper knows the value of that glamorous phrase "described as an actor" to help out the most innocuous case.

Some of my most amusing time was spent at the Old Vic (the one in Waterloo Road). I played Romeo again when they reopened the new building. Jean Forbes-Robertson, that most neglected of

lovely actresses, was Juliet. Lilian Baylis, as usual, stole the show with her curtain speech. Everybody was terribly young, but not, as I gather happens in the classical theatre of today, so terribly serious as all that. I think Baylis put me down as "frivolous but useful."

I acted in many plays in most London theatres. Critics were surprisingly kind. Once when I played Byron a Mr. Agate waxed almost lyrical (in English). Of actresses I played opposite, Madeleine Carroll was the most beautiful; Edith Evans the most clever; Diana Wynyard the most poised and complete; Fay Compton the most adorable. And they were indeed "stars." I was not.

There was no doubt that E. P. was "quite clever," "really intelligent"—"has got something, but I can't quite put my finger on it." But he was not in that most terrifying term, "box office." Not that E. P. worried much about that. Thank Heaven I have no jealousy in my most uncomfortably varied nature.

Suddenly I played my first Yorkshire part in a play called *Jeannie* at a little theatre holding about eighty people. I'd heard a little girl read the name part in a back room with a Scots authoress. Barbara Mullen, within the limits of the kind of part,



Russell Sedgwick

gave a great performance in that simple little play. But most unexpectedly my Yorkshire "feed" was acclaimed as my best part to date. Gone the idea of the classical actor; the tights pulled over the romantic leg; the dark ringlets; the profile against the purple curtain. I was told that I was much better as a commercial traveller aged forty from Huddersfield (I was about thirty then).

MICHAEL POWELL saw that play. (Don't believe that old story of the films not knowing what goes on in the theatre.) When he was going to Canada to do a film I was taken along with about a dozen others "possibly to play one of the German parts."

When *49th Parallel* was shown long after I found that they used those magic words for the millionth time—but this time it was under a picture of me! "A star." Oh dear—now all the fun has gone out of scribbling this little story.

After all the biggedly-piggledy of those parties in digs in Bradford and Newcastle on Sunday nights; after waiting outside newspaper offices until five and six in the morning for the earliest notices of the Old Vic shows; after all the breathless excitement of persuading a personality to "look in for a few minutes" at the later parties in Ebury Street one had, I reckon, become a "personality" oneself (so they said). Seven years ago!

Now of course it's nice to be able to ring up the laundry and say: "This is E. P. speaking. Look, my dear, do try to let me have that shirt for Friday night. It's the Royal Command Performance and I've only got one boiled shirt till the others are made in six months." And to hear a sweet voice answer: "Well, for you, but only because I saw *Wanted for Murder* at the Odeon last week. And weren't you awful!" That is, I admit, a help. (There are, of course, the other occasions when another sweet voice asks: "Could Mr. Derek Porkman take a personal call from Devonshire, please, and could the caller reverse the charges?")

OF course one is thankful that one has made a go of the job of acting. One is endlessly conscious of one's luck in having a pleasant chair to sit on at this moment in a sympathetic room. I'm glad I haven't to go out on this filthy London Sunday afternoon to stand getting soaked in a queue to see a film I hate because the landlady wants me out of the house for an hour or two.

I love having my spaniel and his bull terrier girlfriend snoozing by the fire. I like the reflection of the fire in my Chippendale book-case—the first bit of furniture I had when I got my own flat.

These, and some other things, are blessings indeed and the direct result, in my case, of earning my own money in a job I enjoy. It makes me desperately unhappy when I think of all the thousands of people doing work they dislike all the days of their lives.

After all, that trip to Manchester was only a kind of luck for me. Or was it? Should I have stuck to a counter or an office stool if I'd been told to by a cross parent or bored uncle? No, I don't think I should. And that is where I must be fair to myself. It's not all luck. Hard work is necessary in my work; what they call toughness too; but *not*, I insist, ruthlessness. Physical fitness is most important, and a power to concentrate. Looks?—a secondary consideration. None of our leading male players would compare themselves, I fancy, for actual physique with say, Bruce Woodcock or Sir Hartley Shawcross; or the ladies with the Duchess of Kent.

What then makes an actor into a star, you say? I would say being entirely unlike anybody else playing the same kind of parts. How sad to hear those children say "I've been told I'm the Stewart Granger type," or "They call me Bette Davis at the R.A.D.A."!

WINE: In my profession drink is occasionally used. Some say too often; some say not enough. For my part, when I found that I took too much trouble over one scene and had no breath left to finish another, I said to myself "too many doubles"! When I found that a word of three syllables escaped me, I said "Not even a single double." Drink can help good acting; it can also destroy it. It is a question mostly of timing. (I think now I will have a whisky and soda.)

Women: From my mother down, women have been kind to me. But not always lucky for me. My affairs, if you know what I mean, have been violent if not lasting. My friendships, thank Heaven, have lasted all my life. I once just failed to clear the altar rail.

Publicity: This raucous age! This scramble to "make a column." A great many of my friends would put off any other engagement to make sure of being at the Savoy to be photographed near, say, Mr. Sinatra.

I believe that publicity happens if you're in the news; and if you're not it doesn't matter if you made the first talkie or the first atom bomb. You're out.



On New Year's Eve Leslie Arliss and his wife gave a party at their home in Brown Street, W., to celebrate the completion of the filming of "Man About the House." In the group are Mr. A. Parker, Leslie Arliss, who produced the film, Margaret Johnston, Renée Ray, Mrs. Leslie Arliss, Lady Bruce-Gardner, Esmond Knight and Lord Avebury

A FILM IS FINISHED



Nicholas Brodsky, who wrote the music for the film, and Nora Swinburne



Basil Sydney and Joyce Howard, who have since been married



Leading players Kieron Moore and Dulcie Gray act a scene from the film



Mr. and Mrs. John Allanson were also guests at this very successful and amusing party



Kieron Moore and Barbara White, the young actress, who are engaged to be married

Swaeb

R.A.F. Headquarters Reserve



Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the Defence Minister, pulls a cracker with Jennifer, daughter of Mr. W. Evison



Peta-Carolyn and Michael Stocker, children of Mrs. Anthony Stocker, and Guy, the son of Mrs. Guy Mansell



Hugo and Ricky, sons of Major Page Croft and great-nephews of Lord and Lady Page Croft, collect their presents from the Christmas-tree



Francois-Lily and Marianne Sansom with Mrs. V. Sansom, G.C., M.B.E.

Children's Party at the Hungaria



Lady Lees, wife of the A.O.C.-in-C. of the Reserve Command, chatting with Air Commodore Barnes



Lady Coningham with Air Vice-Marshal Sir Alan Lees, K.C.B., A.O.C.-in-C. of the Command



Mrs. Pumphrey and W/Cdr. Pumphrey with their daughter Candia and S/Ldr. Ainsworth



Mrs. F. L. Pearce, Air Vice-Marshal Mellersh, Mrs. Mellersh and Air Commodore Pearce

Command Hold a Dance



Air Commodore E. B. H. Davies, A.D.C. 65 (London) Group, with his daughter Diana



G/Capt. Wynter Morgan chatting with Mrs. Mellersh at supper



Wing Commander Derry, Mrs. Wrigley, Mrs. Derry and S/Ldr. Karryer



Lady Coningham, Sir Harry Broadhurst, Air Commodore C. W. Busk and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham



Mr. Roger Bolland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bolland, of Windsor, and Miss Hilary Edwards, daughter of Sir Tristram and Lady Edwards, of Neasham Abbey, Darlington, after their wedding at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. The bridal attendants are Anne Craig and Jill Keith-Jones



Two hundred guests were present at the reception, which took place at the Savoy Hotel. Among them were Sir Douglas Cooke and Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Miskin



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Mr. G. Dudley Craig, Major and Mrs. Keith-Jones and Mrs. Dudley Craig were also at the reception. The bride's father is a prominent industrialist

Wedding at the Chapel Royal, Savoy

JENNIFER'S GALLERY



Mrs. MacCarthy-Morrogh was formerly Miss Elizabeth Tyrrell Orgill. She married Major J. C. F. MacCarthy-Morrogh, R.E., son of the late Lieut.-Col. MacCarthy-Morrogh and of Mrs. MacCarthy-Morrogh, in November



Mrs. E. R. Mason is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cecil Baker, of King's Somborne, Hampshire. She married Mr. Eric Robert Mason, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mason in December



The Hon. Betty Byng is the second daughter of Viscount Torrington. She was a V.A.D. with the Royal Navy during the war, and has only just been demobilised. She is shortly going to the Far East with the W.V.S.



Christening Party in Perthshire

The infant daughter of Captain and Mrs. Michael Lyle was christened Diana in Dunkeld Cathedral recently. Above are a family party seen after the ceremony: Captain Lyle and his two elder daughters, Janet and Veronica, Mr. Robin Sinclair, Mrs. Lyle with Diana, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Lady Sinclair and Mr. Angus Sinclair. Mrs. Lyle is the daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair

Jennifer writes **HER**

H. R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, with her two little sons, Prince William and Prince Michael, is following the Duke of Gloucester home from Australia by sea. The Duke flew home in order to be a short while with H.M. the King before his departure for South Africa on February 1st.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

Signs of their pending return are to be seen at York House, St. James's, where their old rooms are being got ready for them. The Duchess of Kent, too, has had her office moved from York House to Marlborough House, where Lord Herbert, her secretary, is dealing with her affairs. Lady Herbert, by the way, received many congratulations on her award in the New Year's List, in which she was made a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.

M. R. TOMMY COCHRAN had a fellow-Australian, Mrs. Geoffrey McIntyre, to act as his hostess at a party he gave in her charming flat in Knightsbridge recently. It was a gay and intellectual party, with friends from many spheres.

AUSTRALIAN HOST AND HOSTESS

Amongst those I met at the party were Mrs. Washington Singer, Mrs. James Fairbairn, who has been staying in Paris with the Comtesse de Janze; and Mary Hinton (the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers) looked in on her way to the New Lindsay Theatre. Her father, the late Lord Forster, was one of the best-loved Governor-Generals of the Commonwealth. M. Jean Huet, the French film delegate, was chatting to Mr. Murray Matheson, and found that they had acted together some years ago at the Theatre L'Oeuvre, Paris.

Lady (Charles) McCann told me what an interesting trip she had when she went to Ireland recently for the launching of the Shaw Savill liner Athenic. Mlle. Pacquereete Naudy told me she had just flown back from Australia, where she had been to show the fashions created by the Haute Couture artists of France.

Others I met were Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Miss Matilda Etches, who designed the costumes for Purcell's *Fairy Queen*, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Mrs. Charles Buckley, Aimée Lady Grey Egerton and Mr. Thorburn Muirhead with his beautiful wife, who, before her marriage, was Miss Cecilia Brennan, of Perth, Australia.

"THE sunshine and food too wonderful for words," starts a letter I had from friends in St. Moritz. The snow at this famous winter-sports resort early in the New Year was not enough to please the ski-ing experts, but the children who predominate among the English

NEWS FROM ST. MORITZ

visitors found everything perfect, despite their parents' difficulties with the new money restrictions. Many parents are having to forgo their tea daily and their "before-dinner" drinks to enable their money to last the trip! Christmas was very festive. At Suvretta House there was a children's party and Christmas-tree, and the Palace Hotel also arranged big Christmas and New Year festivities.

Among the families out there over the New Year were Lord and Lady Knollys with their tall schoolboy son and pretty, seventeen-year-old daughter Ardyne, who will be a débutante this season. Lord Knollys, who is chairman of B.O.A.C., was taking his first holiday for nine years. Another having a well-earned holiday was Lady Jean Rankin, who was out there with her two Etonian sons, Ian and Alick. Lady Jean has worked at the W.V.S. headquarters, in the children's section, in London right through the war, and, with the Marchioness of Crewe and Lady Iris Capel, has since the war been making arrangements for the hundreds of children from the Continent, including large parties from Holland and France, who have been visiting this country. Mrs. Beckwith-Smith, who has just resigned from the arduous position of Assistant Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John's, is also having a well-earned holiday with her daughter Sarah and her son John. Her late husband, Major-Gen. Beckwith-Smith, who was in the Welsh Guards, commanded the 18th Division at Singapore and was taken prisoner and died in a P.O.W. camp.

M. R. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale are in St. Moritz, too, with their two small sons, who have taken to ski-ing like ducks to water! Mrs. McCorquodale is Barbara Cartland, the novelist, and is planning a new novel with a Swiss background.

YOUTHFUL SKIERS

Fifteen-year-old Lord Boyne, who is out there with his grandmother, Lady Boyne, and a large party, has also progressed rapidly on skis, and other youngsters I hear



Another Scottish Christening

The infant son of Major James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay was christened Andrew Douglas. Above, the parents with their younger daughter Kirsty and Andrew Douglas, and the Countess of Mansfield and her daughter, Lady Mariota Murray. Behind are Mrs. Heriot-Maitland and Major James Drummond-Moray

Some of the young people who attended the christening, including Viscount Stormont, Lady Mariota Murray, Jane Malcolm, Kirsty Drummond-Hay, Michael and Mary Coarse-Scott, Peter Hutchieson and Heather, April Drummond, Mary and David Walter, Lucy, William, John and David Drummond-Moray, and David and Janet Prain

SOCIAL JOURNAL

who are quickly becoming proficient are Lord Bledisloe's three young grandsons, John Parrshall and Christopher and David Bathurst. The two former have also made their debut on the famous Cresta Run, coming down from Stream Corner under the careful instruction of the Hon. Ben Bathurst, who, of course, is one of our best Cresta riders. Young Michael Cleland is another youthful rider and he, too, was being coached by his father, Sq.-Ldr. Dick Cleland.

There are many young British pilots out there this year who are used to high speed, but will find 100 m.p.h. on the Cresta with all its hazards as thrilling as any air exploit. Among these are W/Cdr. Milling, a double D.S.O. and double D.F.C., the famous test pilot who flew the late Geoffrey de Havilland's jet plane three days before the fatal crash.

Others enjoying the sun and snow here were Sir Stewart Duke-Elder, surgeon-oculist to the King, who is there with his wife; and Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor and their family. Lady Suenson-Taylor is one of the most graceful skaters who have been seen on the rink this year.

Two other skating enthusiasts were the young Indian Princes, Prince Bhawani Singh and Prince Jai Singh of Jaipur. Mrs. Henton and her brother, Mr. J. C. Lawrence (a Cresta rider), Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Reid, Mrs. J. Hardy and Major-Gen. G. J. Thomas, who broke his arm practising on the Cresta, were others out there; also Miss Susan Dearbergh and Miss Rosa Pelly, two charming girls who were in a large party of young people.

Great cups of hot coffee on a very cold morning were given to guests who arrived for the committee meeting which Mrs. A. V. Alexander held at Admiralty House to arrange details for the special performance of Noel Coward's *Pacific 1860*, at Drury Lane on January 23rd. The King and Queen have promised to attend this performance, which is being given in aid of the King George's

KING GEORGE'S FUND FOR SAILORS

Fund for Sailors, which includes the Marine Benevolent and Welfare Societies, the sailors, their families, their dependants of the Royal Navy, the Merchant Navy and the Fishing Fleet, to all of whom we owe so much.

Mrs. Alexander, chairman of the committee, who was awarded a C.B.E. in the New Year's

Honours, wore a spray of flowers pinned on her fur coat, and made a short speech. Mrs. Attlee, president of the committee, attended the meeting, and among those who took tickets for the 23rd were Lady Nunburnholme, who said her daughter, the Hon. Charmian Wilson, would sell programmes at the performance, with the other volunteers, who include Miss Felicity Attlee, Lady Prudence Loudon, the Hon. Mrs. Wyn Williams and Miss Patricia Fox.

Lady Jellicoe, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. John Donaldson - Hudson, Viscountess Strathallan, Lady (Graham) Cunningham, Florence Lady Devitt, Lady Albert Levy, Mrs. Ronald Gilbey and Lady Wakefield were among others who bought tickets, which range from 10s. to 10 guineas, and can be obtained from Mrs. A. V. Alexander, 1, Chester Row, S.W.1.

LORD WOOLTON was the guest of honour at a fork luncheon given by the chairman and members of the Political Committee of the Ladies' Carlton Club recently, and afterwards gave a short and informal little talk to the members. He impressed on everyone how

LORD WOOLTON AT FORK LUNCHEON

He said with a smile that the lady M.P.s of his party had doubled since he took office—now there are two in the House! His advice to all members, especially the younger ones, was to buckle on their armour now.

The guests at this party were received by Mrs. Lionel Whitehead, looking nice in fawn, and among the other members I saw was Viscountess Davidson, M.P., one of the two lady M.P.s referred to by Lord Woolton. The other one, Lady Grant, was not present. Lady Bennet, who works hard for the Tonbridge constituency, was chatting to Mr. Nigel Colman. Miss Maxse, the vice-chairman of the Conservative Party, was chatting to many of the younger members, including Miss Pemberton, who was in the W.R.N.S. during the war and is now vice-chairman of the Ladies' Carlton Club's political section, and Miss Diana Lambert-Ward, who is a very energetic young worker. Others I saw at the luncheon were Mrs. W. S. Morrison, the Countess of Lindsay, Miss West Russell, Miss Barclay, Miss Barbara Daniel, Mrs. Warren Fox and Mrs. Lawn Sayers.



Lady Hermione Stuart, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Moray. Her father succeeded his brother as nineteenth Earl of Moray in 1943



Miss Diana Douglas-Hamilton, who was on a visit to her aunt, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay. Her mother is the former Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon and her father is the youngest surviving son of Nina Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon

Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

A great Irishwoman . . . "The Abbey" goes Gaelic . . .

Irish film prospects . . . Charles Lamb's paintings

I FOUND Lady Gregory's Journals in my Christmas stocking, and most welcome they were. These extracts from her personal daily records between the years 1916 and 1930 have been edited by Lennox Robinson and published through the good offices of Constant Huntington, who presides over the London office of Putnams. Putnams, like Macmillans, have always been very friendly and encouraging towards Irish writers, and these two firms largely shared the glory of the "Celtic Twilight" in the first quarter of the century.

Lady Gregory, as you may remember, was a Perse of Roxboro'. Born in 1852, she became the second wife of Sir William Gregory, a benevolent Governor of Ceylon. It was after his death in 1892 that Lady Gregory became the literary figure and patronne of writers and actors who is now remembered.

These journals begin in 1916, the year of the Rising which culminated with the Anglo-Irish Treaty. Lennox Robinson has not published them in their correct sequence, but has taken them under subjects such as "The Abbey Theatre," "Politics," "Persons and Books," and so on. They make very entertaining reading and will be of infinite value to the historian and biographer of the future. Incidentally, Robinson's life of Lady Gregory herself will soon be available.

As I was reading through the book, I was amused to find a reference to my grandfather, Lord Morris, the lawyer. To this day his example of prima-facie evidence is still remembered in legal circles. He said that if you saw a man coming out of a public bar, and as he came into the street he wiped his mouth with his hand, it was prima-facie evidence that he had taken a drink. This was said by him many years before these journals start, but I was delighted to find them recorded.

Lennox Robinson has added a few notes of explanation, and there was one which I found very seasonal. On St. Stephen's Day it is the custom around my part for children to come around with a wren in a cage. They recite a poem, which I have never been able to find in print, and collect pennies. It is reputed that the wren sat on the cross and sang during the Crucifixion. When the children came this year I was able to check their words when they sang or recited the verse, which goes:

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's Day was cot in the furze,
Although he is little his family's grate,
Put your hand in your pocket and give us a trate.
Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink would drown melancholy.

The book is full of little anecdotes and facts. The film fan might be interested (and the aspirant encouraged) that in 1925 Barry Fitzgerald, then at the Abbey Theatre, was earning £2 10s. a week. I expect he gets that each minute he is in front of Hollywood's cameras now.

THE Abbey players have never been very well paid, and that is why they have emigrated, like so many other artists and craftsmen, to England and the United States. It is inevitable, for the theatre is small and our population limited. On the other hand, our histrionic ability, like our literary talent, is out of all

proportion to the 4,000,000 who live in the thirty-two counties of Ireland.

This Christmas the Abbey Theatre has again put on a pantomime in Irish. It is called *Fernando agus an Dragan*. In recent years there have been continued attempts to Gaelicise the Abbey. Though I would welcome an Irish-speaking theatre in Dublin, I personally think it unfortunate that the Abbey, with its tradition of plays by contemporary Irish writers in English, should be changed. The dramatists and verse playwrights abound here, and any Gaelicisation of the Abbey means less opportunity for their plays to be produced. There is an all-Irish-speaking theatre in Galway run by Walter Macken, whose play *Mungos Mansions* has just been published. It seems to me that Dublin should have the same, and that the support would be forthcoming.

But it is not only to the London and New York stage that our Abbey and other repertory players go. It is now chiefly to the films. My friend Brian Desmond Hurst has recently been over here. Some years ago we started on a venture to make films in Ireland, but in those days capital was not so easy to find.

HURST came over to lunch with me from Noel Huggard's Hotel at Cong, where he was staying. He is an Irishman from the North, who, when he was demobilised from the British Army after World War One, went to Hollywood. Some twelve years ago he came back to England, where he made two small films, one of Poe's story *The Tell-Tale Heart*, and another of Synge's *Riders to the Sea*. His most recent success was the picture of Arnhem called *Theirs is the Glory*, for which he received no credit, but it is an open secret that he was the director. He has just finished the picture of *Hungry Hill*.

He is convinced of the possibilities of an Irish film industry, but I suspect the Government are getting a little tired of various people coming with lots of ideas but no concrete plans. There are no film studios in Ireland; if a company were floated now to build a small studio of two or four stages he is convinced that there would be no shortage of English and American production units only too ready to rent space, and at the same time it would enable us here to make truly representative Irish pictures both in English and Irish.

It will be interesting to see if we ever do have our own studios.

BUT to revert to my Christmas stocking. Another thing I found was a frame containing two sketches in oils from my neighbour, Charles Lamb, R.H.A. Lamb is one of the leading Irish landscape painters. Like Hurst, a Catholic from Ulster, he came to Connemara some years ago in a caravan, and it is the country of bays, islands and mountains which has attracted his attention.

Like Jack Yeats and Sean Keating, he was not represented in the autumn exhibition of Irish painters in London. His colours are warm and cheerful, his drawing, like all the Dublin School, influenced by the Orpen tradition, and there could not be, to my mind, a finer tradition of draughtsmanship. It is perhaps interesting to note that his wife is a daughter of the late Ford Maddox Hueffer, the writer who collaborated with Conrad.



Mr. Jack Counihan, of Connellmore, Naas, Co. Kildare, the Irish bloodstock breeder, and Miss Tina Nixon, sister of Sir Christopher Nixon, Bt.



Miss Grania Kennedy, sister of Viscountess Jocelyn, and her fiancé, Capt. Edward de Lerrisson Cazenove, Coldstream Guards. They have since been married.



Pool, Dublin
Lady Goulding, wife of Sir Basil Goulding, Bt., the Hon. Jeanne French, sister of Lord de Freyne, Miss Mary Jones and Mr. E. J. O'Brien

At the Leopardstown
Hurdle Races

WELCOMING IN THE NEW YEAR AT ST. MORITZ



A New Year's Eve Ball was held at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, and many carriages were still waiting for revellers at 3 a.m.



Mrs. C. Specker with Dr. H. Pfosi, the celebrated Zurich dermatologist, sitting on an antique church bench



At midnight Miss Gretchen van Zandt Merrill, the American skating champion, was towed in in a chariot by "darkies"



Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Newman, spending their honeymoon at St. Moritz, were enjoying the occasion to the full



Miss Susan Burnette and Mr. Colin Fyfe-Jamison were also closely attuned to the spirit of the festivities



Miss J. Seppelt and Miss Anne Bumford were with Mr. Jack Schulman (President of the British University Ski Club)



Mr. David Robson, Mr. and Mrs. Aldritt Squire and their daughter Shirley take refreshment during an interval



Sir Alfred Suenson-Taylor (right) and his son and daughter, Mr. Kenneth and Miss Monica Suenson-Taylor, chatting with the hotel proprietor, Mr. Hans Badrutt



Visiting
St. Moritz

Major-Gen. G. I. Thomas, W/Cdr. C. H. Potts and Michael Dick-Cleland going for a run on the Cresta, where the General broke an arm



Mrs. Violet Fisher, the explorer and war correspondent, skating on the Palace Hotel Ice Rink with Lady Suenson - Taylor, the well-known Liberal hostess



Mr. Bedrich and Mrs. Esmé Kaufler on the practice ski slopes. St. Moritz is filling up rapidly with visitors and a record season is confidently expected

Priscilla in Paris

Reflections After the Feast

It is said that one can accustom oneself to anything. I have my doubts. Getting up in the morning by candlelight is one of the things to which we are forced, twice a week, in this city, but to which we cannot accustom ourselves.

It is not so bad when one has remembered, at bedtime, to prepare the precious candle and no less precious box of matches, but when, after Christmas celebrations, one has tumbled into bed without thought of the morrow, and one is waked, in pitch darkness, at 8 a.m. by the subconscious awareness of a business appointment at 9 a.m.—the 26th is not a holiday over here—and pitch darkness remains after one has clicked the switch of the *lampe de chevet*, one regrets that one's repertory of imprecation is so limited.

The bell does not ring, because it also depends on the absent current; besides, at that hour the maid—if one is lucky enough to have one—has already departed to *le marché*, and this reminds one to go and set all the intervening doors ajar, so that when the postman kicks at the front one there may be some small chance of hearing him at the other end of the flat. The pale dawn, wanly filtering through the slats of the *persiennes*, throws a wan suggestion of light through the curtains, and at least one knows in which direction to grope towards the window . . . barefooted, of course, since one's slippers have mysteriously disappeared, and one wonders where all the rugs have got to as one gingerly feels one's way over the diamond-patterned parquet they are supposed to cover. (The stately, high-ceilinged rooms of old houses are divine in spring, summer and autumn, but there are three months of the year, from mid-November to mid-February, when I long for a

modern band-box, all steam-heat and nailed-down carpets, where one can write an article with the right hand in the study while frying an egg with the left in the kitchen.)

Even when the curtains are drawn and the shutters flung wide, the light is only sufficient to enable one to find the candle and matches, since Paris clocks are an hour "later" than in London (or do I mean the other way round?). After that it is plain, but uncomfortable sailing, and one starts the day in a perfect bad temper.

I SPENT my Christmas *réveillon* out of town. There was a slight sprinkling of frosty snow on the fields. We kilted up our skirts and donned snow-boots, lighted the wick of an old-fashioned oil-lantern just for the look of it, and attended midnight Mass. This was at a dear little church in the Chevreuse Valley. One of those tiny, country churches standing in the midst of a weeping-willow-planted graveyard.

The organ was wheezy, the choir-boys wore hobnails, the dear old padre took snuff, and the lady soloist sang out of tune. One felt sentimental and very much aware of all one's shortcomings. One promised oneself that, *this year*, one would really keep one's New Year resolutions and at the same time one thought of the marvellous *réveillon* supper cooking at the château, and one was glad that there were still seven days to go before January 1st.

It was a gargantuan supper. All the traditional French dishes, from the *boudins* (truffle-specked "white" and white-larded "black") to the chestnut-and-sausage-stuffed turkey. . . . There was holly and mistletoe, there were baby Christmas-trees and lovely flowers on the table. Sweets of every kind except *marrons glacés*, and

candied violets, and a splendid iced cake that came all the way from dear friends in Australia stood in lieu of Christmas pudding.

On Christmas morning I found my hearth-rug piled high with books. *Père Noël* has royally satisfied my love of "Silent Friends" this year. Best of all is a slim volume by Colette: *Trois . . . Six . . . Neuf!* (published by Corrèa) that relates her various *déménagements*. Faced with the horribly possible prospect of "a move" myself, her calm philosophy enchants me. It does more: it gives me courage. She is right; one should never become the slave or the victim of one's environment . . . but oh, how I shall weep if I have to leave my old walls, my diamond-patterned parquets, the terrace overlooking a garden, and the powder-closet that serves as my dressing-room.

I WAS glad, also, to get Jean-Jacques Gautier's novel *Un Fait-Divers*, for the simple reason that I wanted to read it and yet did not consider it worth while buying for myself, although it has been awarded the Prix Goncourt. Jean-Jacques Gautier is the brilliant young critic who, in the *Figaro*, writes the blasting articles that have upset so many dramatists and their producers. His caustic pen is always destructive; never does he commit himself to constructive criticism. Even when—and it is often—one agrees with his verdict, one dislikes the cold contempt with which it is expressed. It is so easy to be cruel. I have often wondered why this quite-good-looking, well-groomed, erudite young man, who has a lovely wife and an interesting job, is so severe. Talking it over with his victims, we decided that he must have a secret sorrow, or that the world misunderstands him. We also decided that he needed cheering up.



Cheltenham 'Chases Round Off the Year



Mrs. Diana Lawrence, whose husband, Mr. Cecil Lawrence, is a noted figure on the Cresta Run, with her son Jonathan, already a winter sports enthusiast



Major Spence and Miss Spence were two of the spectators at the Cheltenham meeting on the last two days of 1946



Miss Helen Douglas and Miss Diana Hirst during an interval in the racing, which was favoured with excellent weather

The cheering-up seems to have taken place, for ever since *Un Fait-Divers* has appeared on the bookstalls, gartered with the magic band bearing the words "Prix Goncourt," he seems to be a changed man. At the Odéon the other day he was chatting gaily with Denise Bourdet, who is now writing such enchanting articles in various *de luxe* magazines. At the Apollo I heard him laugh as he sat with his arm thrown boyishly round his pretty wife's shoulders. At the Théâtre des Arts I almost believe he was munching chocolates, and his article about Cocteau's *Aigle à Deux Têtes*, that was seen at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in translation, was almost dithyrambic. As for *Un Fait-Divers* . . . I have not yet read it, but I shall do so now, and since it is reported to be as unpleasant as the title suggests, I shall don my rose-coloured spectacles.

OTHER books that have given me great pleasure are Lucien Descaves' *Souvenirs d'un Ours* and Jacques Varmel's *Life is Sometimes Like That*. This last has been translated from the French by Herma Briffault, who, the author tells me, "is a dear." She is certainly a good translator also, for it cannot have been easy—and I know something about the job—to "do" into English the somewhat flowery prose that recounts the various amusing, amorous and picaresque adventures of Harry-the-Flower-seller.

Lucien Descaves—President of the Académie Goncourt—is one of France's grand old men of letters. He was born in 1861. His *mémoires* are vastly interesting and bring to life again many of the great people who have passed away during the end of the last century and the beginning of this.

He calls himself an old "bear," but never have I known such a kindly one. For many years his little house in the Rue de la Santé has been a haven of refuge to all in need of advice and help who have appealed to him. As it has been said of James Agate's *Egos*, these *mémoires* are: "As records of their time, more truly historical than history."

Voilà!

● The Loot'nant was choosing a New Year's gift for Mamsel-his-Girl-Friend.

The sales lady showed him a lovely lacquered box.

"What 'ud she do with that?" he asked.

"She can keep M. le Lieutenant's letters in it," was the reply.

"Not on your life," said the Loot'nant; "I telephone!"



Mr. Malcolm Hancock, the Jockey Club judge, with his son Michael and Mrs. John Hancock



Sir William Wrixon-Becher and his wife, who is a daughter of the fourth Lord Vivian



Mrs. Lees, Major Holdsworth-Hunt and Mrs. St. Clair-Ford, three other well-known racegoers



Mr. T. Hanbury, who has owned several useful 'chasers and point-to-pointers, with his wife



In the Bakery of the Poets, Cyrano tells the Cadets of Gascony, with typical braggadocio, of his successful fight against tremendous odds the night before. The group includes Cecil Winter as Le Bret, Harry Andrews as Carbon de Castel-Jaloux and Michael Warre as Christian de Neuvillette. Christian is the inarticulate lover who woos through the tongue of the eloquent Cyrano

Photograph by



Cyrano, whose heart is as big in proportion as his nose, refuses to be tempted by his friend Christian into a quarrel to test the quality of his swordsmanship



Undisturbed by the antics of the pastry-cook Ragueneau (Nicholas Hannen) in the background, Cyrano composes flowery epithets to Roxane at the Bakery of the Poets



A most redoubtable red herring, Cyrano diverts the attention of the Comte de Guiches (Alec Guinness), while Christian and Roxane are married in his house



The final scene years later, when Cyrano, mortally wounded, succeeds in keeping his final rendezvous with Roxane, in the presence of Le Bret (left) and Ragueneau

THE NEW ACTOR-KNIGHT

Ralph Richardson, who received a knighthood in the New Year Honours, as Cyrano de Bergerac in the Old Vic production. An actor for twenty years, he served in the Fleet Air Arm during the war



Standing By ...

Contretemps

A CRITIC who remarked, apropos the death of Damon Runyon, that his stories "aroused a great deal of controversy" when first published in these islands was perfectly accurate. Anything satiric, novel and good causes bitter controversy among the Race, as several native satirists have discovered, from Swift downwards.

Barrie, for example, got into early trouble with his *St. James's Gazette* public for remarking casually that the Christmas waits once drove him so crazy that he buried them in Brunswick Square. Furious humanitarian protests overwhelmed his editor, Greenwood, and Killer Barrie had to watch his step. Chesterton likewise angered the Race constantly by making statements no serious-minded thinker can admit for one moment—e.g., his remark that the English have grown so used to imbecile legislation that they've lost the power of astonishment. You don't find such absurdities in the National Comic, which takes decent pains to underline three times what is a joke and what is not, thus saving millions of West End clubmen much annoyance.

If Runyon eventually conquered a small but ardent British public it was because a few eccentrics kept on insisting that he was a master. This ultimately convinced a member of the House of Lords, who told Auntie *Times*. After that it was plain sailing (relatively).

Horde

BUREAUCRACY, a bitter art-critic avers, has never inspired any front-rank artist. He might have drawn contrary conclusions from the Flemish Old Masters, and especially from one of the masterpieces of Charles Méryon in the 1850's.

In Méryon's superb etching of the Ministry of Marine, Paris, you will perceive, looking closely, that the right-foreground sky is full of

tiny flying devils making for the pillared façade. These devils have never been explained. Our interpretation is that they are greeting the bureaucrats pouring into the Ministry every morning from the outer suburbs. As an ex-naval officer Méryon's sympathies would naturally be with the admirals and captains champing at their desks and crazy for blue water. It was the fearful civilian hordes, the *ronds-de-cuir*, of whom Méryon was thinking, in his polite, whimsical way.

We once knew a mystical Highlandman, seventh son of a seventh son, who often saw the sky over Whitehall thronged with hideous aerial shapes, invisible to the ordinary eye. Once at the Board of Trade a sneering minor devil at his elbow asked at "Enquiries" to see a high-up, and of course had to fill in the customary form. "Business—Mockery," he wrote. "Enquiries" didn't half give him a glassy stare.

Thug

THIS year's Captain Hook, we are pleased to observe, has more Etonian poise than some of his predecessors, which is only right and proper. Too many Hooks lurch about the stage as if they were Old Reptonians, in defiance of their creator's expressed intention.

The only non-Etonian Hook we ever admired was Gerald du Maurier, who affected a polished Old Harrovian sneer, indicating in his death-cry of "*Floreat Etona!*" that Harrow could turn out better pirates in its cups. If there was just a dashing soupçon of the Stock Exchange about Du Maurier's Hook, that was all right with us, too, though rather naughty. A fuller view of the true Hook may be studied in *The Little White Bird*, where his secret moral anguish over the great Etonian question "Is it good form to know you have good form?" shows that he is really sincere. Hook is, in fact, the answer to Captain John Ward, one of the more blatant figures in Esquemeling's pirate gallery, whose habits are sufficiently indicated in a contemporary ballad:

Being drunke among his Drabs,
His nearest Friends he some-times stabs,
Such Wickednesse within his heart is growne. . .

From such bounders the Race naturally derived the conviction—confirmed by the City Page—that no pirate can be a gentleman. This is a fallacy, as anybody who has ever dabbled in the Markets is painfully aware.

Orgy

GIVEN that American newspaper toughs are twice as tough as the toughest Fleet Street boys, it's only fair (as a recent Hollywood film reminded us) to realise equally that when their flinty hearts are touched they are twice as pulpy.

In this film the editor of some frightful sensation-rag was so overcome with grief and remorse at hounding an innocent citizen to suicide that he printed a full confession on Page One admitting his entire responsibility and begging forgiveness. He not only got this past his owner and the Ads. Dept., but, more marvellous still, his owner admitted his own share of guilt and hung his head simultaneously. The emotion was terrific. We haven't wept so much since the old cow died. Usherettes gathered in the aisle and said "Coo, Gertie, look at 'im, pore thing, 'is 'eart's broke." We explained at length, behind our handkerchief, that we were a Fleet Street boy ourselves. The usherettes then gave us a dirty, menacing look and flounced off.



"And now I'm going to ask my colleague, Alfred Sidebotham, to give us his opinion of the play in the first half . . ."

Pibroch

MIXED with the howling and wailing of Atlantic gales over Skye recently, an inky girl heard—or said she did, the little scamp—the skirling of the ghostly Macrimmons who for centuries ran the immemorial College of Pipers on that once-enchanted island. If true (huh, huh), it was probably the annual Macrimmon demonstration against the Dagenham Girl Pipers, at this moment piping and drumming as briskly as ever.

Even in the South these tartaned rosebuds present a pleasing enigma, for whenever you see them they are always the same size. Most English Roses are apt in five or ten years or so to grow upwards, or outwards, or all ways at once. Viewing the Dagenham sweethearts after a longish interval, one would therefore expect to see one or two matronly figures skirling with difficulty, and, perhaps, some dear old silver-haired wife feebly whacking a drum. Not so; and a knowledgeable chap tells us the explanation is that as soon as a Dagenham Girl Piper outgrows the standard size she is buried under the Henry Ford factories, in that delightful town, like a Vestal Virgin, though of course for a different reason. No sooner has the farewell pibroch died away than another complete Model A Girl Piper comes down the Ford assembly-line, correct in every detail.

The secret (this chap added) is tabulation, synchronisation, schedulisation, standardisation, and correlation of overhead with production. The Macrimmons have a Gaelic word for it.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS



"Upsadaisy!"



"Now could Madam relax her features just a little . . ."



Mr. F. A. Thomson, a mid-Victorian, escorted Miss A. Barnes as an Edwardian lady.



Mrs. Broom was a cheerful Covent Garden flower-seller with choice blooms for sale.



Mrs. Curtis Wilson in a Stuart costume, with Mr. J. G. Barnes in doublet and hose.



Major Nigel and Lady Gloria Fisher. Lady Gloria is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Lisburne.



Actresses Jane Carr and Marianne Davis. In private life, Jane Carr is Mrs. John Donaldson - Hudson.



Miss Yolande Carroll and Mr. Michael Karmar, as Dutch girl and Sultan, respectively.



Mr. Philip Bryant in a Renaissance costume befitting the theme of the ball, and Miss Venetia de Winton Wills.



Miss T. G. Michelena poses most becomingly in authentic Hungarian peasant costume.



Lady Meyer and her husband, Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., came in costumes of early and late Georgian period.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

AT a race-track in Kentucky a patron went up to the wicket to place heavy bets on Blue Bell, in the fourth race. When he appeared at the window a fourth time an onlooker tapped him on the shoulder.

"Brother," he said, "I reckon this ain't any of my business, but if I was you, I wouldn't be risking all that money on Blue Bell. He isn't gonna win that fourth race."

"Says you!" jeered the better. "How d'you figure that out all by yourself?"

"Well, if you must know," responded the other, "I happen to own Blue Bell, and I just know he isn't going to win that race."

The other reflected for a minute. "Maybe so," he allowed, "but if that is a fact, all I can say is it is going to be a mighty slow race. I own the other four horses."

THE proprietor of a successful optical business was instructing his son how to charge a customer.

"My boy," he said, "after you have fitted the glasses and he asks what the charge will be, you say, 'The charge is £2.' Then pause and wait to see if he flinches. If the customer doesn't flinch, you then say, 'For the frames. The lenses will be another £2.' Then you pause again, this time only slightly, and watch for the flinch. If it doesn't come, you say, firmly, 'Each.'"

TWO women were watching a married couple walking along the road.

"They're very much in love with each other," remarked the first.

"Are they?" said the other.

"Yes. Do you know, when she's away she writes letters to him whether she needs money or not."

"I'm a bit worried about my wife," confided Brown to his friend. "She was talking in her sleep last night, and saying, 'No, Frank, no.'"

The friend laughed. "Well, what on earth are you worrying about?" he demanded. "She said 'No,' didn't she?"

A WELL-KNOWN man, recently back from the Far East, swears to the truth of this story. Reaching Shanghai late one night, he was in his hotel unpacking when the Chinese equivalent of a house detective knocked on the door. In his best pidgin English, the 'tec asked: "Want gur?" "Want what?" asked the hotel guest. "Gur," answered the Chinese, and with appropriate gestures proceeded to indicate what a "gur" was. The pantomime was so perfect that the other soon grasped the idea, but he was anxious only for a bath and bed. He pointed to his grey hair and eyeglasses as an excuse for his strange lack of interest. As a pantomime artist, however, he was apparently not the equal of the Chinese. Half an hour later, when he emerged from his bath, there was again a knock on his door. The house detective had returned, this time accompanied by a charming if somewhat mature lady, her hair streaked with grey and a pince-nez on her nose.

A WOMAN got on a bus and took the only empty seat next to a harmless-looking reveller. Soon she opened a map of Manchuria and began to study it.

The reveller gazed at the map for a while and finally addressed the woman in an interested tone: "Sure you're on the right bus?"

AN American medical student found the first question in an examination: "Name five reasons why mother's milk is better for babies than cows' milk." He answered, "First, because it is fresher; second, it is cleaner; third, the cats can't get it; fourth, it is easier to take to picnics." Then he thought for a moment and added: "Fifth, it comes in such a cute little container." He passed.

TWO men, both noted for their caution when it came to money, met in the street.

"Well, well," said one, "fancy running into you like this. I was just looking for someone to lend me ten shillings."

"Is that so?" replied the other. "Well, you've got a nice day for it."

"Tatler" photographer Swaebe makes his choice of costumes worn at

THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

Sabnetache

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

THE Grand National is a long way ahead at the moment, and we never know what may happen to even the best practitioner in this game of chance, but it is always intriguing to speculate upon what might, since Anticipation has ever been about 95 per cent. of Pleasure. Any note on the next Grand National ought to be prefaced by the words, "provided always Prince Regent . . .", and, as this season we know that this great steeplechase horse is to be especially reserved for Aintree, caution is more than ever necessary.

If he had not run at Cheltenham; if last year's National had not been such a rough-and-tumble entertainment; if Prince Regent had not had quite such a sustained period of effort in his own country—who knows? Each man who saw him run at Aintree on March 5th last year will have had his own opinion as to what would probably have happened if all the "ifs" just catalogued had been eliminated. He jumped the last fence in front: it made, at any rate, one heart bleed to see Tim Hyde forced to pick up his whip.

Young Challenger

THE "ifs" are not present this time: this is why I think we must preface any estimate by "provided always." It is quite easy to get a "possible" incorrectly fixed in the mind's eye, but nothing is ever lost by recalling any accomplished facts to the credit of any up-and-coming aspirant. The one I have in mind is Lord Bicester's Prince Blackthorn, whose smooth performance over the accommodating Sandown fences a good many of us saw on December 7th. It is as well not to forget that this well-balanced young horse—he was only nine years on January 1st—has met and beaten Irish Grand National winners in his own country, notably Knight's Crest (received 6 lbs. over 3 miles 100 yards at Baldoyle), Golden Jack, Heirdom, and so forth; that he won the Leopardstown Handicap 'Chase—a short journey, it is true—on March 11th, 1944, very comfortably with a smart field behind him (Erinox, Monk's Mistake, Mountain Loch, Golden Jack), and I do not think that we ought to take a great deal of notice of his blunder over the water at Windsor on December 8th, 1945. It took all the steam out of him.

They put him at 2 st. 1 lb. below Prince Regent in last year's Grand National weights.

This is just about what the Irish Handicapper thought. Prince Blackthorn did not run. He is now a seasoned one; we saw how he can jump; most Irish horses have a lot of the cat in them. I know he is a good one, and his career from now onwards may well repay watching. In this connection, I suggest that we disregard Red April's recent form: he can jump really big fences and yet Sandown nearly floored him. All foregoing written before seeing the entries.

An Old Diary

MR. H. P. KNIGHT, who writes from Sundridge Park Hotel, Bromley, has kindly sent me some extracts from the diary of an old family coachman, written about 1840, and I think the following, with Mr. Knight's notes, give us an engaging snapshot of how they made merry in those days, and at any rate tried their best to give everyone around them a good time:

"Christmas Day. 4 of the clock.

"Ladies and gents come down from House to my stables, lighted up lamps. Nell put in 15 candles. Will chopped two buckets carrots for ladies. Old Smiler, Tom, Fred, Will, all smarted up. Me puts on new riders [breeches] and clothes, 'ard 'at.

"Tha Major he wallops me on back, says he to me: 'Ulloa—the Royal Stables no better kept then these!'

"Master give Nell 2 bottles clarit."

At 4 p.m. it would be dusk. I suggest the house party, full of a very good Christmas dinner, strolled down to the stables. Hulloo would have everything all "shipshape." Carrots for the ladies must obviously mean carrots for the ladies to give to the horses. Note the candles for the stable lamps; the old chap's stables were not even lit by oil lamps. Clothes probably mean fawn-colour cloth, button-up gaiters.

"This Christmas Mrs. Blank cooked 6 fine birds [turkeys or geese], all us full up. Mistress she gave us very kindly. Young Fred he gets 'ossed up—[slightly one over the eight]—Tom and Smiler they 'as young Fred to the woodshed. Mr. Blank he gave us good music. Old Nell she sing well. Cookie [Mrs. Blank], she 'as in Fred, puts 'im in her oven cupboard. Master worrits, Fred not in the 'all. I says Fred he be down with them 'osses. Master

he says Fred good man. Master George he gives us 'tilly-tilly' on 'is 'orn. We all gives for Master, Mistress, 3 hullas. Mr. George his young lady sing very kindly to us all. Mr. Blank [probably the butler] gives us a lead over the first jig [dance] leading away the Mistress. Master 'e 'as a go with Cookie. Nell goes at it with Master George. Young Will he 'ung right back as proper at 'is years. I lookie at Fred snoring off in Cookie's cupboard—luvee me, did us 'laugh!'

Later, Hulloo refers to the local hounds, but it does not occur to him to leave the name of the pack on record. I expect for years, all his life, he just alluded to the local pack as "them 'ounds," or "dorgs." A "Dickie" is mentioned. Possibly this was the Huntsman.

I venture to say Hulloo's world stopped at the boundaries of the County.

I.C.I. Game Services

THE Game Service Station of I.C.I. has been re-established at Burgate Manor, Fordingbridge, Hampshire, with a 4000-acre experimental estate nearby at West Park, Damerham.

Before the war this service—then known as I.C.I. Game Researches—had proved its worth among estate owners, farmers and shooting men. During the war years it was reduced to a skeleton service engaged upon the destruction of vermin in the interests of national food production. The new station at Burgate will be in charge of Major H. G. Eley, assisted by Captain H. B. Moser and Mr. M. de S. C. Ward.

In providing this service, I.C.I. take the view that game management can be an important factor in the economics of the countryside. The interests of game and of agriculture are closely akin, since game is a farm crop and the destruction of vermin is of importance to the farmer as well as to the sportsman. Similarly, research on wild-bird diseases cannot fail to link up with like work on poultry.

The Station will lay particular emphasis on the necessity for a return to keeping. Fewer people may to-day be able to maintain whole-time keepers, but the need is greater than ever before. Where regular keepers cannot be employed, owners or farmers may have to arrange their own game management. The two immediate tasks are to destroy the vermin, which have increased enormously during the war, and to build up stocks of game where these have decreased.



D. R. Stuart

Possibles Beat Probables in the All-England Trial

The score of 24 points Possibles to 8 Probables made the selectors' lot no easy one before the first International against Wales on January 18th. Possibles: Standing: D. W. Swarbrick (Oxford U.), D. J. Bridge (Oxford U.), A. P. Henderson (Cambridge U.), R. H. G. Weighill (Birkenhead), A. C. Towell (Middlesbrough), G. A. Gibbs (Bristol), J. Todd (Penrith), E. Stanbury (referee). Sitting: S. C. Newman (Oxford U.), G. A. Kelly (Bedford), Keith Scott (St. Mary's Hospital, capt.), M. R. Steele-Bodger (Cambridge U.), B. H. Travers (Oxford U.), J. George (Falmouth). On ground: W. K. T. Moore (Devonport Services), N. M. Hall (St. Mary's Hospital)

The Probables, who lost to Possibles by a substantial margin in the game played at Torquay. Standing: J. J. Cain (Waterloo), N. O. Bennett (St. Mary's Hospital), D. F. White (Northampton), R. M. Cooper (Oxford U.), A. Gray (Otley), S. V. Perry (Cambridge U.), H. Walker (Coventry), E. Stanbury (referee). Sitting: M. J. Berridge (Northampton), F. C. Hill (Bristol), R. H. Guest (Waterloo, capt.), J. Mycock (Sale), C. B. Holmes (Manchester), H. R. Peel (Carlisle). On ground: P. W. Sykes (Wasps), M. P. S. Donnelly (Oxford U.)



The East Sussex Moving Off

Lord Burghley, Joint-Master of the East Sussex, leading the hounds from Folkington Manor, Polegate, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller, when the hunt met there recently. Lord Burghley, who is also huntsman of the East Sussex, has been Joint-Master since 1939

H. C. Deal, Fastbourne

Scoreboard



WALES versus England at Cardiff Arms Park next Saturday; and, I trust, the honoured Overture of self-appointed and non-abstaining three-quarters scoring a try by the corner-flag with a cloth cap; then the ancient game of Fox and Geese—four 15-stone rozzers running as one runs in night-

mares, to prevent a single citizen with double vision from affixing to the cross-bar the less fictional of his two leeks; then, *Land of My Fathers*, from 40,000 hearts and 80,000 tonsils; a moment that might melt an iceberg; a song to stir the saddest Saxon; a tune from the wild Welsh walks to make the house-tops totter and even Rouget de Lisle turn green with envy in his grave—stap me, how we meander in the minglings of musical metaphor and amble in the anfractuities of alliteration.

Saturnalia in South Wales. Hail, full-blooded folly; welcome, in a windy world of prating politicians and Shinwell's shivering shocks. Sit down, Sir, please; I cannot see the referee.

WALES have the best scrum-half of the day, Haydn Tanner. Also, as to leadership, his presence alone can turn a match. He is large in all senses. Opposing forwards cannot use him as a spare rugger-ball.

The same is true of Oxford's J. O. Newton-Thompson. It is hoped he will be back from South Africa in time to be available, and picked, for England. The flat-trajectory bullets he fires from the back-premises of the scrum recall that marvel of the '20's, C. A. Kershaw. At the

receiving end, Oxford's M. P. Donnelly may have opportunity to restore W. J. A. Davies to minds not permanently closed for prejudice and repairs.

SCRUM-HALVES seem to be stocked in two kinds—Poodles and Pugs, as A.P.H. would say. Of the latter breed, Dicky Owen, the week-end talk of half Wales forty years ago, does not readily find his peer. Like full-back Vivian Jenkins, who now sharpens a pensive pencil for the Fourth Test at Adelaide, Dicky Owen did not think highly of Trial Matches. He was to be taken or left. Nearly left, once.

Dicky was a strong and single soul. His favourite relief in the fight for livelihood and the ball was the exercise of practical joking. This time, on the morning of an International, the representatives of the Rugby Union of Wales were in conclave in the private room of an hotel. The scrum-half, deeming their deliberations superfluous, blew clouds of pepper through the key-hole, turning counsel to coughing and agenda to atishoos. But he played, that same afternoon, and how.

I HAVE an Irish pal who is an English Conservative and knows the history of Cardiff Rugby since 1884. When, nearly forty years on from that starting-point, he comes up for breath, I dive in with Wales's victory by 28 points to 6 at Cardiff in 1922; but, before his smile has stretched to his ears, I straighten it out with Twickenham, 1923; England 7, Wales 3; a try by England's H. L. Price in the first twenty seconds of the game. And, for a moment, I shut down on gas and counter-gas, while memory, "still importunate and vain," turns back to H.L.P. as he reigned, unwitting but undoubted king, in the most select of the Colleges of Isis.

R. G. Roberts Glasgow.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes



The Irish setter is a three-purpose dog: beautiful, a splendid companion and a first-rate gun-dog. The picture is by Miss Wilson Doar, who was an animal sculptor for many years and has now taken to painting. She has a studio in Chelsea



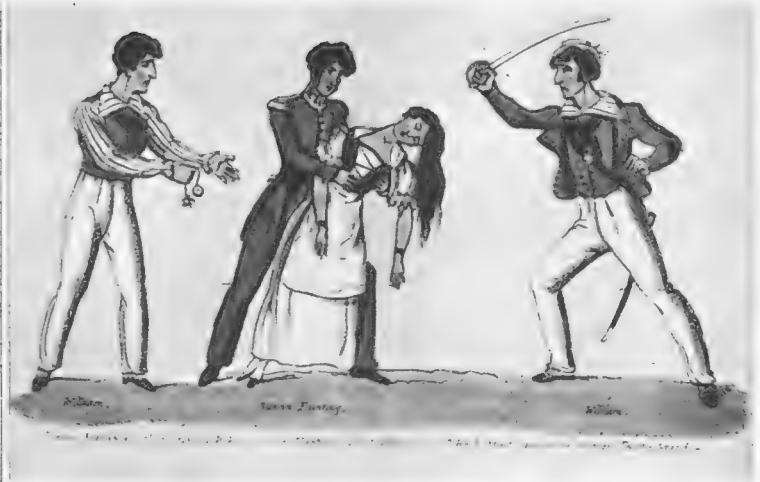
Fall

One of the most desirable small dogs is the Brussels Griffon. He is an admirable companion, small, hardy and intelligent. The picture is of Mrs. Bridle's Miniature Griffon, Tough Guy, doing his Obedience Trial when he beat all others entered



Coming from the Border, the Dandie is sporting and also very intelligent. This is a puppy by the great Ch. Bellmead Delegate of Mrs. Miles's Bellmead Kennels. This wonderful old dog beat all comers at the recent Dandie Show

* These notes are being resumed, in a shortened form owing to the paper shortage, in response to many requests. Correspondence on L.K.A. matters should be sent to Miss Bruce, Redcastle, Killearnan, Ross-shire, Scotland



Two Dramatic Scenes from "Black-Eyed Susan"—illustrations in "Juvenile Drama"

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Jonathan Wild"

"The State of Mind of Mrs. Sherwood"

"6th Guards Tank Brigade"

"The Little Kingdom"

"JONATHAN WILD" is an early crook novel, or gangster story. It would be incorrect to call it the first: when *Jonathan Wild* was published in 1743 it could claim its place in an already flourishing school of rogue literature. Indeed, our ancestors shared, for several centuries back, our own predilection in matters of light reading—they were more entertained by the unjust than by the just man.

Taste for crime novels is an inherited trait—to my mind, the detective or mystery interest of our day is little more than cover (or intellectual excuse) for that stalwart, lasting bent of the law-abiding towards fictional villainy. Our ancestors were given their story straight. There has also been, of course, with each generation, immense variation in moral tone and psychological atmosphere. George Orwell's essay, with a comparative analysis of the Edwardian *Raffles* and the contemporary *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, repays study.

Here we have, however, something considerably more valuable than a mere "early tale"—for *Jonathan Wild*, as you will know, is among the only too few works of our unsurpassed English novelist Henry Fielding. *Jonathan*, a tale of the Georgian underworld, appeared the year after *Joseph Andrews*—that, to Richardson, infuriating parody of *Pamela*—and six years before the masterpiece *Tom Jones*. Unhappily for us, Fielding's life was short: born in 1707, he died in Portugal in 1754. He embarked, not long after leaving Eton, on a lively career as journalist, dramatist, pamphleteer—in all of which three roles his gift for political satire showed strong. He read law, was called to the Bar in 1740, and appointed a magistrate, in London, in 1748. The underworld of *Jonathan Wild* was a world he had come to know inside out. More, his hero was, actually, a real-life figure. A *Jonathan Wild*—thief, informer, receiver of stolen goods, hanged at Tyburn in 1725—had already been the subject of one of Defoe's pamphlets. This does not make our present (or Fielding's) *Jonathan* less, in the artistic sense, of a creation—Fielding took him, infused him with ugly life, and made him the centrepiece of a novel which is a superb, satiric and, one would have thought, final debunking of the career of crime.

THE whole of *Jonathan Wild* is a work of sustained irony. Nothing is more destructive than mock adulation. Apparently, Fielding subscribes, from the first to the last page, to the gangster's concept of himself as the very hell of a chap: values are, on behalf of this stupid crook, reversed with a bland audacity—violence, cunning and treachery are extolled;

honesty, good faith, affection and loyalty (as represented by Mr. and Mrs. Heartfree and the apprentice Friendly) held up to ridicule.

This is done with such thoroughness that the book appalled and bewildered Sir Walter Scott—as a "picture of complete vice, unrelieved by anything of human feeling." It is a book, one must say, to be recommended only to those of a strongly satirical turn of mind—a book to be taken, as it was written, with more than a grain, with a cellarful of salt.

The novel's full title is, *The History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great*—which gives direction and point, from the very start, to this parody of the self-formed idea of greatness. Fielding, in fact, had more in mind when he wrote than the underworld with its little pretentious tyrants: he was bringing up his big guns, and what guns they were, against

states of mind more insidious, less limited and more lasting.

Nuremberg brings *Jonathan Wild*, almost uncannily, to the contemporary forefront—it may, I suppose, be accepted that all great books are prophetic: hence not only their hold on all time but their relevance to all time.

As a plain tale, this is first-rate, rattling good adult reading. *Jonathan's* ancestry, hopeful youth, discipleship to the Count, increasing success and development, morality (*sic*), amorous adventures, gang leadership, and (it must be admitted) almost continuous out-smarting by fair ones and rising junior crooks, cannot but engross the reader.

His lovely cousins, the Misses Doshy and Tishy Snap; his uncle, the bailiff; his bone-headed ally, Bagshot; his lieutenant, Fierceblood; and his victims, the Heartfreeds, are an immortal company. If the virtuous Mrs. Heartfree's adventures among would-be ravishers, at sea and on the Continent, do—or did where I am concerned—pall, there is no other part of the story of which this can be said. *Jonathan* himself, alternating between towering self-esteem and neurotic panic, would seem the absolute prototype of all gangster-kings.

WE owe this book's reappearance—which, as I may have suggested, could not be more timely—to the inauguration of a new and promising series—The Novel Library (Hamish Hamilton), each volume 5s. Great French and Russian classics, translated, as well as English, are on The Novel Library's forthcoming list. Fittingly, Henry Fielding, partnered by Jane Austen, opens the ball. (Professor Saintsbury said: "The delight which *Jonathan Wild* affords is almost as purely intellectual as any which can be, at the same time, æsthetic. The only other novelist who has come near to it in complete dispassionateness is Miss Austen.") *Persuasion* appears, in The Novel Library, on the same date as *Jonathan Wild*. Very much to be praised is this series' format—the neat and adequate dust-covers should be at once removed, for underneath are bindings to charm the eye: Mr. Fielding enters in a dashing masculine pattern of black-and-white, with bright-blue back; Miss Austen, upon his arm, wears a brilliant but delicate dotted cerise.

MORAL tales more ingenuous but no less hair-raising used to be written, for children, by Mrs. Sherwood—best known as the authoress of *The Fairchild Family*. That classic is now, we learn, obtainable in a bowdlerised edition—either juvenile nerves are not what they used to be, or parental solicitude is greater.



Juvenile Drama, by George Speaight (Macdonald, 15s.), is a very comprehensive and lively history of the toy theatre. With its printed sheets of scenery and characters, this charming entertainment lasted with varying fortunes from 1811 to 1944. The illustrations, both colour and monochrome, are numerous and fascinating. Above is *Black-Eyed Susan* in a favourite play. J. M.

Naomi Royde-Smith, in *The State of Mind of Mrs. Sherwood* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), gives us a fascinating study of the lady—her life, her moral, intellectual and spiritual evolution. The odd duality of her temperament is at once pointed out and explained. Born in the same year as Jane Austen, and also the daughter of a well-to-do parsonage, Martha Mary Butt enjoyed a girlhood of dancing and flirtation before lending her ear to a sterner and higher call. She was already vowed to the stern and high when at the, for those days, late age of twenty-eight she married her cousin, Henry Sherwood, and sailed for India as an officer's wife. She was handsome, imperious, pronounced in every view that she held, emphatic in everything that she did. Her passionate love for her husband did not prevent her trailing the handsome and docile Henry along in the wake of her career, as this acquired more and more momentum—onward from *Little Henry and his Bearer Boosy*, her stories for children were a large-scale success; and she could, Miss Royde-Smith suggests, have done no less well as a full-time grown-up novelist.

If the giddiness of Anglo-India and the depravities of heathenism shocked her, her literary reactions were of the most readable kind. Throughout, her art was to preserve an uncertain balance between straightforward, lively and sometimes lyrical story-telling, and the starkest Evangelism—in her declining days she wrote only tracts. The births of her many children (few of whom survived), and her no less successful enterprise of a girls' school, did not for long at a time interrupt authorship.

AND how—to judge from the excerpts—she could write! Miss Royde-Smith, sometimes by quotation, sometimes by witty summary, gives what one feels sure can but be a fair idea of the size, range, formidableness and, not infrequently, considerable charm of the Sherwood body of work—now, alas, all long out of print. She also, which is no less important, links up that work with its contemporary background—how far was Mrs. Sherwood the creature of her own day; how far would she be at any time a phenomenon?

The incident of the balloon, in *Henry Milner*, and of the green silk bonnets in *The Fairchild Family*, have a freshness which sends them soaring above morality. As against this, we have the strong charnel bias:

"Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears?" asked Mr. Fairchild: "you never saw a corpse, I think?"

"No, papa," answered Lucy, "but we have a great curiosity to see one."

"I tell you beforehand, my dear children, that death is very terrible. A corpse is an awful sight."

"I know that, papa," said Lucy, "but we should like to go."

Mr. Fairchild: "Well, my dears, you shall go. . . . And now," said he, "you, Lucy and Emily, come



Josephina de Vasconcellos

This distinguished woman sculptor, who lives in Westmorland, is now holding an exhibition in London, and is shown preparing a figure for it. In private life she is Mrs. Delmar Banner, wife of the painter. Her father, who died in 1936, was Brazilian Consul-General

and take a turn with me on the grass walk before dinner, and we will have a little discourse on the subject of death."

So saying, Mr. Fairchild put on his hat, and taking Emily in one hand and Lucy in the other, they walked out together in the garden.

One must remember that, for children of the period, this must have been bright reading compared to much on the juvenile list—which, reassembled for us by Miss Royde-Smith, features a number of attractions such as *Wet Sunday Afternoons with Joshua*. . . . The account of Mrs. Sherwood's travels with her own children has been culled from a non-fiction work of hers, *Sabbaths on the Continent*.

Miss Royde-Smith has treated her subject brilliantly, with considerable suggestiveness, and with real humour as opposed to facile satire. *The State of Mind of Mrs. Sherwood*, decidedly, is a book not to miss.

* * *
"6TH GUARDS TANK BRIGADE: THE STORY OF GUARDSMEN IN CHURCHILL TANKS" (Sampson Low; 21s.) is by Patrick Forbes—who gives us a motion picture, admirably clear, vivid and detailed, of the part played in the campaign in North-West Europe. Also, before this, we have an account of the Brigade's formation, and of its preparatory, pre-invasion years, of exercises in which it tested its powers and became welded together as a great fighting unit.

Action opens with the Battle of Caumont; then there is the movement on through the Bocage—into Holland, the Maastricht "Appendix," the break through the Siegfried Line, the Rhine crossing. The culminating chapter is, possibly, "Airborne and Armour—In the Lead"; though excitement does not slacken in the advance through Germany, up to the day in Kiel—the triumphal drive which marked "the end of the Brigade's wartime journey from Bayeux to the Baltic." Patrick Forbes is to be congratulated on this book, which fulfils two purposes: it is a record, to be prized by friends and relations of the Grenadiers, Coldstreamers and Scots Guardsmen who fought with the 6th Guards Tank Brigade, and by the men themselves; while also, to the public in general, it offers yet another angle of vision on that great year 1944-45. There has been ample provision of maps and photographs; while as Appendices we have the Roll of Honour, Orders of Battle, Decorations and Tank Names.

* * *
"THE LITTLE KINGDOM," by Emyr Humphreys (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.), is a novel, scene set on the North Wales coast, which shows Welsh nationalism at work in a group of young people—students, friends and, in some cases, lovers—shows the conflicts, the ideals, the curious blend of a sort of extended egotism with selfless fervour. The central figure, Owen Richards, with his capacity for leadership and his ruthlessness (which does not shrink from arson or stop at murder), is memorably portrayed.

The crux has been brought about by the project of building an aerodrome in the neighbourhood—one further, hateful assertion of "alien power." (The time is the early 1930's.) Mr. Humphreys, already known as a poet, has a strong imaginative grip on his characters and their situation; though in other ways as a novelist he is still unequalled. Now, when nationalism is to the fore in so many parts of the world, I do feel that this novel should be read—like Koestler's *Thieves in the Night*, it throws dispassionate light on the nationalistic position, its weaknesses and its strength.



H. D. Y. Faulkner, Hon. Fiona Campbell (daughter of Lord Stratheden and Campbell), Sally Inglis, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, and the Hon. Dominic Elliot, son of the Earl of Minto



The Countess of Ellesmere presenting a prize to Kenneth Rogerson, assisted by Lady Polwarth and Colonel John Scott. The dance was held at Kelso, Berwickshire, one of the principal centres of the hunt



Sarah Askew, the Earl of Ellesmere's niece, Penelope Cookson, Bruce McTaggart, Anne and Margaret Scott, Kenneth Rogerson and John Elliot, all won prizes at the dance for the excellence of their costumes

The Buccleuch Hunt Holds a Children's Fancy Dress Dance

Clapperton, Selkirk



Swann — Smith

Lt.-Cdr. Alexander Holland Swann, R.N., only son of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Oliver and Lady Swann, of Orange Grove, Guildford, Surrey, married Miss Joan Scott Smith, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Thurston Smith, of Lochavich, Argyll, Scotland, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Gibbs — Wills

Capt. Peter Holdsworth Gibbs, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ralph Gibbs, of Church Farm, South Marston, Wilts, married Miss Audrey Hamilton Wills, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Noel Hamilton Wills, and of Mrs. Huntley Sinclair, of Miserden Park, Stroud, Gloucestershire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Silcock — Waterford

Lt.-Col. John E. D. Silcock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Silcock, of Beakstown, Holy Cross, Co. Tipperary, married the Countess of Waterford, widow of the seventh Marquess of Waterford and daughter of the late Major and Mrs. Balcarres Lindsay, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Batt — Howard

Major Peter Dorrington Batt, M.C., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Batt, of Wickham Brook, Suffolk, married Miss Marjorie Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Mr. E. J. Howard and the late Mrs. Howard, of 19, Helenslea Avenue, N.W.11



Nixon — Witherington

The marriage took place recently at Holy Trinity, Brompton, between Lt. (E) H. Desmond Nixon, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Nixon, of Craiglands, Healing, Lincolnshire, and Miss Elizabeth June Witherington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Witherington, of Berkshire and India



Bullock — Markes

Major R. H. W. Bullock, Westminster Dragoons, son of Sir Christopher and Lady Bullock, of Whitford, Flintshire, married Miss Beryl Haddon Markes, daughter of the late Mrs. H. Markes and of Mr. Haddon Markes, of Haddon House, Shripton, Sussex, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



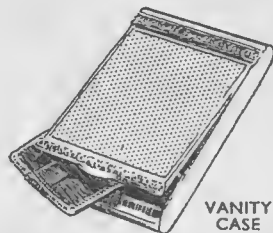
POMANDER
16th Century



VINAIGRETTE
17th Century



PATCH BOX
18th Century



VANITY
CASE
of Today

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BEAUTY BOX

In Tudor days dames of fashion carried the pomander—pomme (apple) denoting the shape and ambre (perfume)—a ball of perfume.

When in the XVII century liquid perfumes superseded the solid, the pomander gave place to the vinaigrette.

Yet another aid to legitimate vanity was the patch box of the days of powdered hair. The XVIII century specimen shown above bears the motto.

*Have communion with few
be familiar with one
deal justly with all
and speak evil of none.*

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powder base

Crème Simon is used in a different way.
Moisten the face well. Then massage with
Crème Simon for 30 seconds while skin is
still damp. ★ Fashion's powders are Poudre
Simon and La Nouvelle Poudre Simon.

CRÈME SIMON



Jane (above) and **Jennifer** (below) are jaunty little
bonnets that add an elegant smartness to country tweeds or
sports clothes. Both are made from lovely soft antelope:
Jane can be had in brown, tan, royal blue or grey, 80/10
Jennifer's colours are brown, tan, grey or red rose, 81/2



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FASHION PAGE by WINIFRED LEWIS

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Her coiffure—smooth, becoming ;

her make-up—subtle, flattering ;

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on your skin problems and show you the
new winter sports make-up.

Cyclax
OF LONDON



The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Heather Firmston-Williams, who is to marry the Hon. Marcus Richard, Samuel, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Firmston-Williams



Miss Sheila Barnes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Barnes, of Norcliffe Hall, Cheshire, whose engagement has recently been announced to Mr. Derek B. Huffam, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Huffam, of South Hanger, Oxted, Surrey



Miss Pamela Pearse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearse of Green Harbour, Bexhill, Sussex, who is to marry Captain David Bayne-Jardine, R.A., of Collington Lane, near Bexhill



Miss Patricia Mary Morrin, who is to be married in April to Mr. George Patrick Maule Ramsay, Scots Guards, third son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Maule Ramsay of Kellie Castle, Arbroath, Angus



Miss Diana N. D. Hood, elder daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Alexander Hood and Lady Hood of 156 Cranmer Court, Chelsea, whose engagement is announced to the Rev. Peter L. Gillingham, elder son of Canon F. H. Gillingham, a King's chaplain



Miss Margaret Alison Watson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Watson of Holyrood House, near Hull, whose marriage will take place in the New Year to Mr. David D. Rae Smith, second son of Sir Alan and Lady Rae Smith of Limpsfield, Surrey

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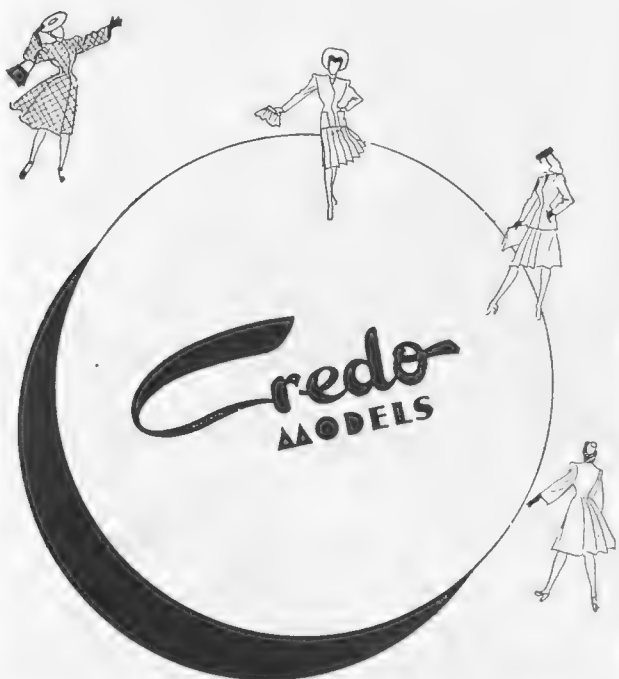
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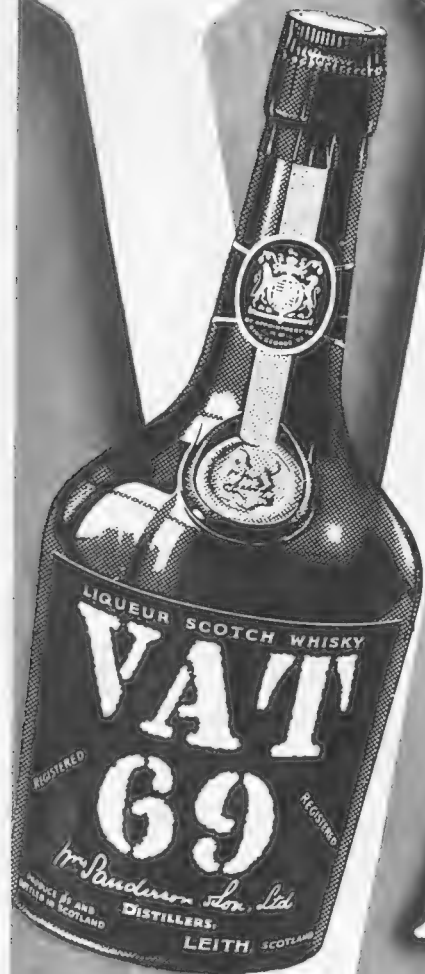
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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

INSTRUMENT landing is not so simple as the simple would have us think. Under training and even trial conditions it is not too difficult for a pilot to glue his eyes to his instruments and to do what the lights, needles, crossed lines and the rest of it tell him until he feels the bump. Under such conditions the bump is usually mild.

But under operating conditions, when the pilot has an assorted selection of twenty or thirty bodies behind him, after he has already completed a long and tiring flight, he may not be so ready to obey implicitly the lights, needles and crossed lines. And if, at the last moment, some fearful doubt of their accuracy invades his mind, the bump is apt to be excessive.

In the early days of flying people were always having compasses which "swung." That was how they explained they got lost when flying, for example, between cloud layers or over the sea. After a time, they used to report, the compass began to "swing." The instrument people asserted, on oath, that compasses never "swung" and that the whole trouble was due to the pilot relying upon a completely inadequate "sense of direction" and failing to place his trust in his instruments.

But under operating conditions, when the pilot has an assorted selection of twenty or thirty bodies behind him, after he has already completed a long and tiring flight, he may not be so ready to obey implicitly the lights, needles and crossed lines. And if, at the last moment, some fearful doubt of their accuracy invades his mind, the bump is apt to be excessive.

Fido or Else . . .

THAT was a long time ago; but pilots still find it difficult to trust instruments when there appears to be direct visual evidence that the instruments are wrong. In short, trusting the instruments requires an almost mulish concentration. And the weakness of many or most instrument landing schemes is that they only do part of the job.

They cover the approach, not the touch down. So there comes a moment when the pilot, who has been concentrating with iron determination on his instruments, must abandon them and peer out to try and see the landing lights and the ground.

Clearly, whatever happens in training and on test, that sort of thing is not practical during ordinary air line operation. Which is why I believe that we ought to keep Fido going for a little longer.

Fido, which is simply a method of clearing fog from a piece of ground large enough for an aeroplane to land on by heating the air, is crude and wasteful. But it is also simple and direct. At some distance from the aerodrome the pilot sees the glow. He makes for it and comes down into it. At no time does he have to switch his attention from instruments to things outside the cockpit. He is relying all the time on direct visual judgment just as he does in full daylight.

Another Method

NOBODY can claim that Fido is a permanent solution to fog landings. But the Royal Air Force found that it worked. It was the slogan of the R.A.F. that it was necessary to beat the weather before they could beat the Germans. And it is the same with commercial flying. The weather must be conquered before the economics can be satisfactory.

P.I.C.A.O. has recommended that airports be fitted with the instrument approach system known as S.C.S.51. And it seems to be, on the whole, the best existing system. But until it is standardized everywhere, until all pilots have learned to use it, until it has shown itself effective on many occasions, there will remain a need for the next best thing. And the next best thing just now is Fido.

I am surprised that the Minister of Civil Aviation has taken so long to decide about whether to have Fido at Heathrow. But it is good to know that he is reinstalling the R.A.F. set at Blackbushe. That will provide a place to which aircraft can be diverted in fog.

My personal view is that S.C.S.51 is just as temporary as Fido, and that the only real and final solution to fog landings will be through an automatic pilot. However that is looking even further ahead.

Fast Freight

THERE have been signs of a growing interest in the possibilities of specialized air cargo carrying. There is not only the Stansted scheme—which seemed to start the whole thing—but there is now also the B.E.A.C. decision to create a Cargo Division.

Cargo-carrying offers splendid opportunities for technical advance. You can set out for the really high speeds with cargo machines while with passengers you have to be satisfied with a comparatively slow rate of progress.

As for the kinds of cargo, there is, as yet, no clear indication of what things are best suited to air transport. Heavy mining machinery has gone by air not only much more quickly but also much more cheaply (in the old days of private enterprise) than it could go by other means. That was in Africa. Gold bars used to make a habit of going by air when there were such things.

Works of art always travel best by air because there is the least handling and therefore the least risk of damage that way. Then there are the more obvious cargoes like fresh fruit and table delicacies.

One of the most unexpected kinds of air cargo proposed just before the end of the war was seed potatoes. I forget the whole story, but a complete case was made out for the transport to some parts of the British Commonwealth of seed potatoes by air. The experts even went so far as to develop a special kind of small size, lightweight seed potato for this purpose.

Anyhow the chances before those who specialize in air freight and get the right machines for it (Bristol Freighter, and Miles Aerovan for instance) are very good.

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D.F.C., eldest son of Mr. and
Mrs. G. E. Harrod, of Allerton,
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S. Roberts, only daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. D. S. Roberts, of
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P672A

PS46

Lovely Choice

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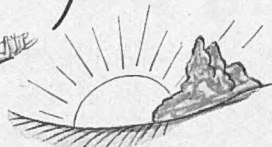
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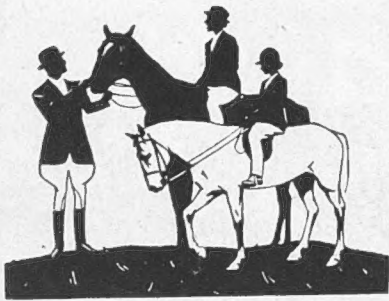
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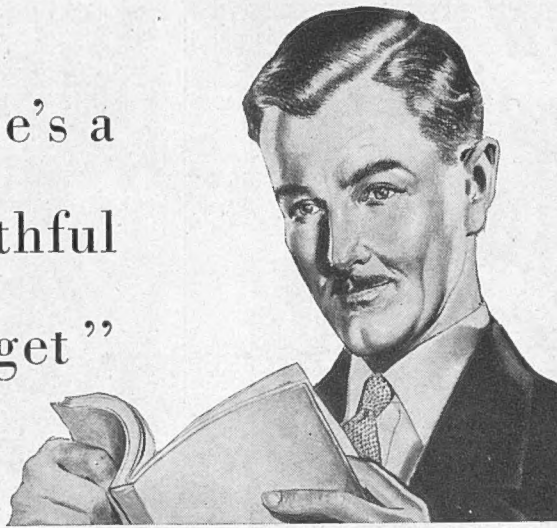
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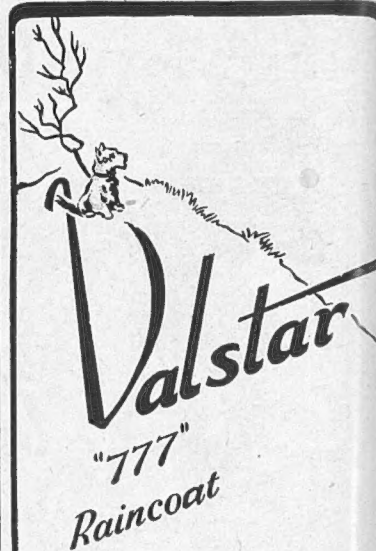
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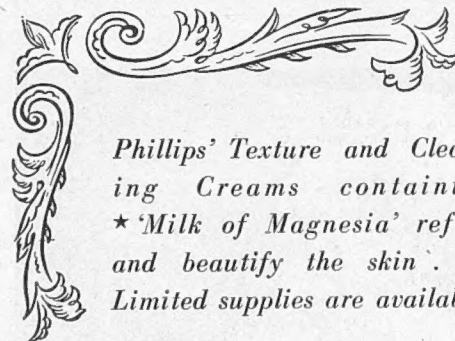
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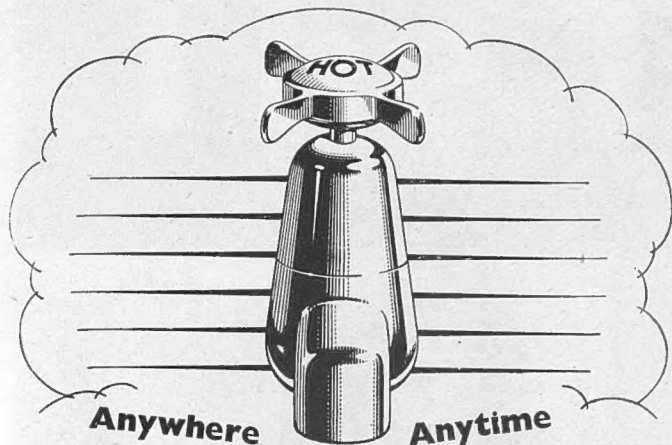
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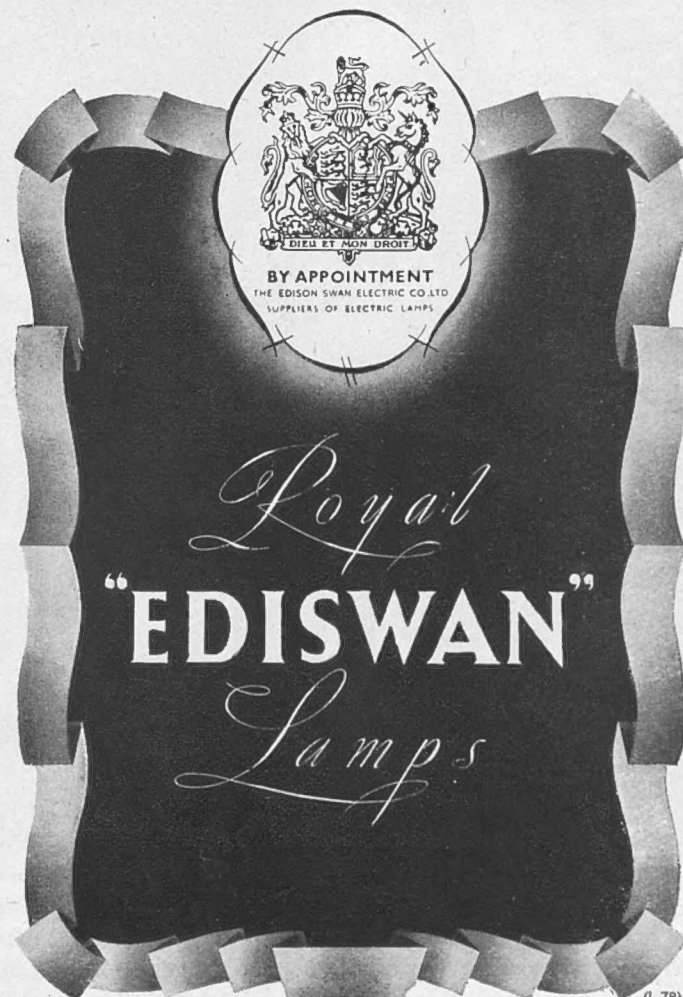
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